SECRET SERVICE CASES

KENT BLAKE OF THE SECRET SERVICE

JULY 10¢

IN THIS ISSUE:

"THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE!"

"THE DEATH TRAP!"

"MERCHANTS OF DEATH!"

SO THIS IS THE "FOOD SHIPMENT" YOU'VE BEEN TAKING TO RED CHINA, EH, CAPTAIN BARTO? YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD FOOL THE SECRET SERVICE WITH A TRICK LIKE THIS, DID YOU?
WE DON'T HAFF TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR SECRET SERVICE! YOU VILL NOT LIVE TO INFORM ON US, COMRADE BLAKE!
PIER 23

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Ontology

OK

KENT BLAKE

SECRET SERVICE

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY MAGAZINE! THE UNCENSORED STORY OF A SPY CASE THAT STUNNED AN ENTIRE NATION!

THE DEATH TRAP!

I'LL GET THAT GOVERNMENT SWINE ...I'LL SLASH HIS HEAD OFF, THE... OWWW!

PUT THAT KREMLIN ICE PICK AWAY, TOVARISCH ...I LIKE MY HEAD JUST WHERE IT IS!

THIS CAPITALISTIC DOG FIGHTS LIKE A DOZEN DRUNKEN BOLSHEVIKS... OWWW!

8128

THEY SHOULD PACK ALL YOU FELLOW TRAVELERS ON A BOAT...AND THEN SEND YOU BACK BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN!

NO! NO! COMRADE... PLEASE DON'T HIT ME...I SURRENDER!

THIS IS KENT BLAKE, CHIEF! SEND THE PATROL WAGON...I'VE COLLECTED A LOAD OF VERMIN!

MORE COMMIES, HUH? OKAY, THE WAGON'LL BE RIGHT THERE, BLAKE!

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

AFTER MONTHS OF HUNTING, SPYING, RISKING HIS LIFE.... **KENT BLAKE OF THE SECRET SERVICE** COULD, AT LAST, MARK **"MISSION ACCOMPLISHED"** ACROSS ANOTHER CASE IN HIS FILES! THE FOUR RED SPIES WERE IN JAIL.... THE REST WAS UP TO THE JUDGE AND THE JURY! HEADLINES AND GLORY PLAY NO PART IN A SECRET SERVICE AGENT'S WORK, ESPECIALLY A TOP SECRET SERVICE MAN LIKE **KENT BLAKE**.... THEY HAVE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO AND LEAVE THE HEADLINES TO POLITICIANS! MEN LIKE THE ONE WHOSE NAME WAS PLASTERED ALL OVER THE PAPERS THAT NEXT MORNING OF JANUARY 15, 1951....

WOW! WHEN THAT GUY MAXWELL GETS AT THEM COMMIES THEY'LL WISH THEY WERE IN MOSCOW!

THEY AIN'T GOT A CHANCE WITH MAXWELL ON THE STAND AGAINST 'EM!

Daily O-Sun

NATIONAL BOARD CHAIRMAN, HERBERT MAXWELL, TO BE STAR WITNESS IN TRIAL OF REDS!

HERBERT MAXWELL IS THE COMMUNISTS' WORST ENEMY!

MAXWELL IS A **TRUE AMERICAN!** HE'LL SHOW THE COMMIES THEY CAN'T FOOL WITH UNCLE SAM!

I ENVY YOU, HERBERT! I WISH I WERE GETTING UP ON THAT STAND AGAINST THOSE TRAITORS! I'D TEACH THEM WHAT IT MEANS TO BETRAY AMERICA!.... WHY, I'D....

EASY, CHRISTOPHER, EASY! REMEMBER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE! I KNOW THAT YOUR DISLIKE FOR THOSE VERMIN IS COMPARABLE TO MINE.... AND I SHALL DO IT JUSTICE.... BELIEVE ME!

I HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO SEND THOSE FOUR SPYS TO THEIR DEATH FOR TREASON .... AND YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT'S WHERE THEY WILL BE HEADED AFTER I GET THROUGH WITH MY TESTIMONY!

WE'VE FOUGHT COMMUNISM FOR A LONG TIME, HERBERT! OUR FRIENDSHIP IS BASED ON OUR LOVE FOR AMERICA.. AND OUR HATE FOR ATROCITIES! THIS IS AN IMPORTANT STEP IN THAT FIGHT!

ON THE DAY OF THE TRIAL THE NEW YORK COURTROOM WAS JAMMED! ROUTINE QUESTIONING WENT ON UNTIL HERBERT MAXWELL WAS CALLED TO THE STAND! A HUSH LAID OVER THE CROWD AS EVERYBODY STRAINED TO CATCH EVERY WORD....

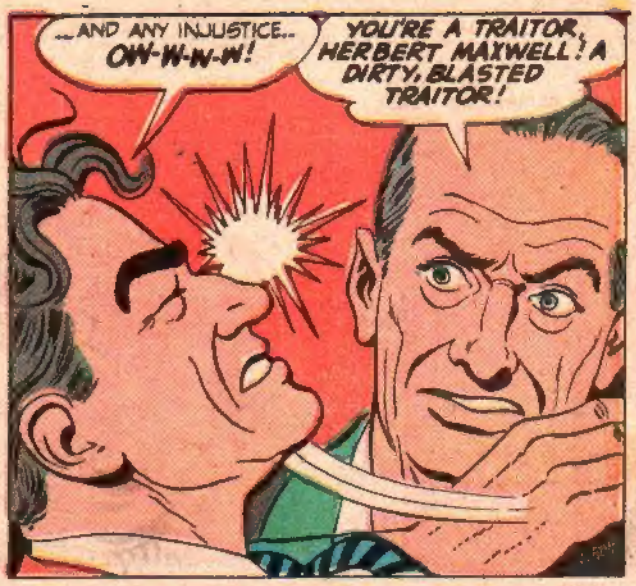
....AND WHAT I AM ABOUT TO SAY HERE TODAY, IS IN NO WAY PROMPTED BY HATE OR PREJUDICE.... IT WILL BE BASED ON THE **TRUTH** AND ON **JUSTICE!**

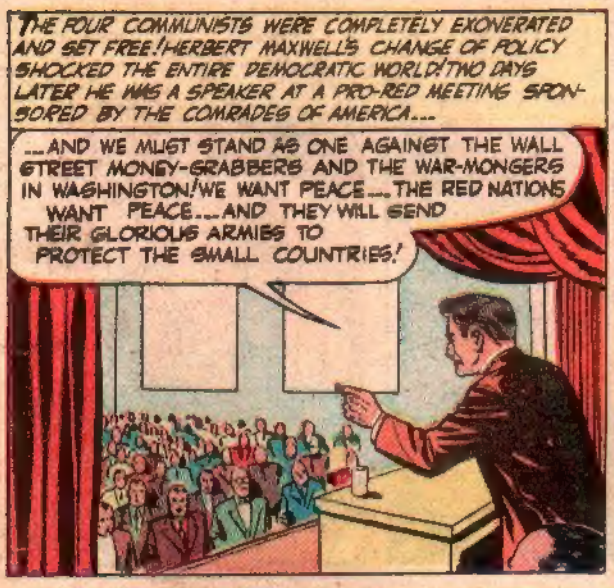
THERE HE GOES.... THOSE COMMIES ARE GONNA GET BOTH BARRELS NOW!

..I HEREBY STATE THAT THESE FOUR MEN, ACCUSED OF CONSPIRING AGAINST THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.... **ARE TRUE AND LOYAL AMERICANS! THEY ARE INNOCENT!**

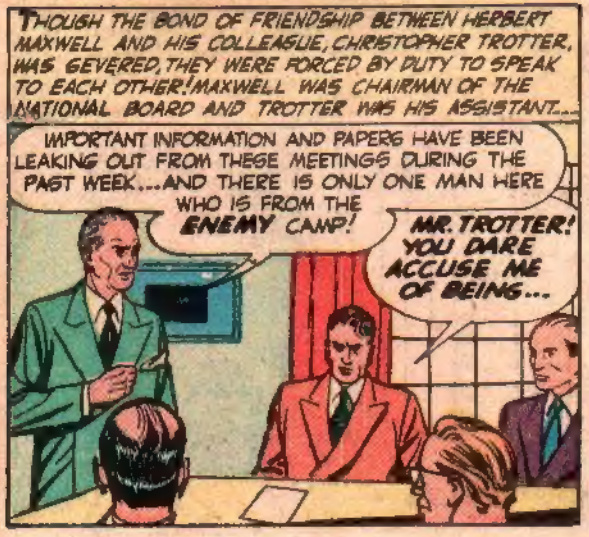
WOW! THIS IS **HOT** NEWS! LEMME AT A PHONE!

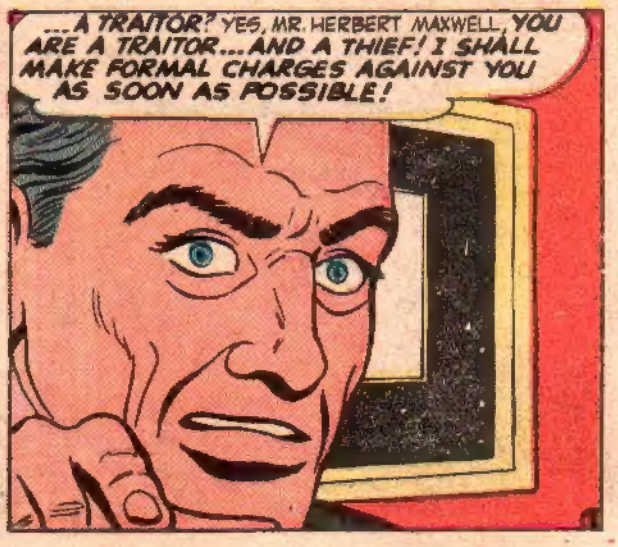
HERBERT! HAVE YOU GONE MAD? DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE SAID?
THEY ARE LOYAL AMERICANS..


...AND ANY INJUSTICE... OW-W-W-W!
YOU'RE A TRAITOR, HERBERT MAXWELL! A DIRTY, BLASTED TRAITOR!


THE FOUR COMMUNISTS WERE COMPLETELY EXONERATED AND SET FREE! HERBERT MAXWELL'S CHANGE OF POLICY SHOCKED THE ENTIRE DEMOCRATIC WORLD! TWO DAYS LATER HE WAS A SPEAKER AT A PRO-RED MEETING SPONSORED BY THE COMRADES OF AMERICA....
...AND WE MUST STAND AS ONE AGAINST THE WALL STREET MONEY-GRABBERS AND THE WAR-MONGERS IN WASHINGTON! WE WANT PEACE....THE RED NATIONS WANT PEACE....AND THEY WILL SEND THEIR GLORIOUS ARMIES TO PROTECT THE SMALL COUNTRIES!

...AS THEY HAVE DONE IN KOREA, IN TIBET AND IN INDIA!
DA! DA! THREE HURRAHS FOR COMRADE MAXWELL!
HERBERT MAXWELL...FRIEND OF THE COMMON PEOPLE!


THOUGH THE BOND OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN HERBERT MAXWELL AND HIS COLLEAGUE, CHRISTOPHER TROTTER, WAS SEVERED, THEY WERE FORCED BY DUTY TO SPEAK TO EACH OTHER! MAXWELL WAS CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL BOARD AND TROTTER WAS HIS ASSISTANT....
IMPORTANT INFORMATION AND PAPERS HAVE BEEN LEAKING OUT FROM THESE MEETINGS DURING THE PAST WEEK...AND THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN HERE WHO IS FROM THE ENEMY CAMP!
MR. TROTTER! YOU DARE ACCUSE ME OF BEING...


...A TRAITOR? YES, MR. HERBERT MAXWELL, YOU ARE A TRAITOR...AND A THIEF! I SHALL MAKE FORMAL CHARGES AGAINST YOU AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, KENT BLAKE OF THE SECRET SERVICE WAS CALLED IN ON THE CASE! HIS FIRST MOVE WAS TO CALL ON HERBERT MAXWELL! JUST AS BLAKE ROUNDED A CORNER NEAR THE MAXWELL RESIDENCE....
THAT'S CHRISTOPHER TROTTER LEAVING MAXWELL'S HOME! BUT THE REPORT STATES THAT THEY HATE EACH OTHER SINCE THAT TRIAL! H-M-M-M! I'LL GO IN AND SEE WHAT MAXWELL HAS TO SAY ABOUT THAT!
NO. I HAVEN'T SEEN THAT BLASTED SCOUNDREL SINCE THE LAST NATIONAL BOARD MEETING! HE MADE SCANDALOUS ACCUSATIONS AND I SHALL FIGHT HIM WITH EVERY OUNCE OF ENERGY I POSSESS...THAT CAPITALISTIC HOG!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO DISTURB YOU THIS WAY, MR. MAXWELL, I'M SORRY! I THINK I'D BETTER BE GOING! THANK YOU FOR SEEING ME!
KENT BLAKE KNEW THAT MAXWELL HAD LIED...BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW WHY! FROM THAT NIGHT ON BLAKE WATCHED MAXWELL'S HOME LIKE A HAWK....
THIS GIMMICK IS PERFECT! I CAN WATCH THE HOUSE WHILE I MONKEY WITH THIS FAKE FLAT AND KEEP FROM ATTRACTING SUSPICION!
AH-HA....BUSINESS IS PICKING UP! THAT CAR STOPPED... AND THAT'S TROTTER GETTING OUT!
WELL, OF ALL THE DIRTY, DIABOLICAL TRICKS! NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY MAXWELL SAID AND DID ALL THOSE SCREWY THINGS!
TROTTER'S DOPING HIM....JUST AS HE MUST'VE DONE BEFORE THE TRIAL!

THIS IS WHAT YOU WILL SAY AT YOUR HEARING! NOW REPEAT AFTER ME....I AM GUILTY... ...I STOLE THE SECRET PAPERS FROM THE NATIONAL BOARD FILES!
I AM GUILTY... I STOLE THE SECRET PAPERS FROM THE NATIONAL BOARD FILES!
AFTER A HALF-HOUR OF COACHING THE DRUGGED HERBERT MAXWELL, CHRISTOPHER TROTTER LEFT...WITH KENT BLAKE FOLLOWING IN HIS SHADOW.....
WHAT'S TROTTER AFTER? IS HE WORKING FOR THE REDS.. OR IS HE OUT TO DISCREDIT MAXWELL?
QUICK, IVAN.. THAT IS THE PIG!
OW-W-W!
YOU BLUNDERING IDIOTS, WHAT ARE YOU BLACKJACKING A MILKMAN FOR? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KEEP THE F.B.I. AND THE SECRET SERVICE DOGS FROM TRAILING ME!
BUT, COMRADE TROTTER... THIS IS THE SWINE WHO BEAT US AND ARRESTED US! HE IS A SECRET SERVICE AGENT, AND HE WAS FOLLOWING YOU! HE ALSO WATCHED YOU THROUGH THE WINDOW AT MAXWELL'S HOUSE!
THEN... THEN HE KNOWS!
YA! BUT I SHALL BLAST THAT INFORMATION FROM HIS STUPID HEAD...RIGHT NOW!
STOP THAT, YOU IMBECILE! YOU'LL HAVE EVERY AGENT IN WASHINGTON AFTER US! TAKE HIM TO OUR HEADQUARTERS...I HAVE GOOD USE FOR THAT SNOOPING SPY!
AS YOU SAY, TOVARISCH! YOU GO...WE WILL BRING THIS DOG!

WHEN KENT BLAKE RECOVERED FROM THE BANG ON HIS HEAD HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A SMALL ROOM! HE HEARD VOICES... AND RECOGNIZED ONE OF THEM AS CHRISTOPHER TROTTER'S...

...AND I AM SURE HE'S AFTER THOSE PAPERS I TOOK FROM THE NATIONAL FILES! THAT MEANS HE WILL BE TESTIFYING AT MAXWELL'S HEARING TOMORROW! WE SHALL GIVE HIM THOSE PAPERS... AND ALSO THE SAME TREATMENT WE GAVE MAXWELL... THEN WE WILL TELL THE DOG EXACTLY WHAT TO SAY AT THE HEARING!

YOU ARE CLEVER, COMRADE... A BORN LEADER!

KENT BLAKE HEARD THAT AND HIS EYES QUICKLY SCANNED THE ROOM... SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING TO SPARK AN IDEA... THEN HE SAW TROTTER'S BRIEF CASE...

HYPODERMIC SYRINGES... FILLED WITH DOPE! THIS IS THE STUFF THEY'VE BEEN DRUGGING MAXWELL WITH... AND THE STUFF THEY PLAN TO JAB INTO ME!

THAT DOPE WILL PROBABLY EAT UP THE PLUMBING IN THIS SINK... BUT BETTER THE PIPES THAN ME! NOW TO FILL THESE JABBERS WITH PLAIN WATER AND REPLACE THEM...

...AND THEN PLOP ON THE FLOOR AND PLAY LIKE I'M STILL OUT OF THIS WORLD FROM THAT CONK ON THE CRANIUM!

COME... WE MUST GET TO WORK ON HIM AT ONCE!

DON'T SPARE THE DRUG, IVAN! WE ONLY HAVE TIME TO GIVE HIM ONE SHOT... IT MUST BE POWERFUL!

HE WILL GET EVERY DROP, COMRADE!

...I FOUND THESE SECRET PAPERS IN MR. MAXWELL'S HOME... HE TRIED TO BRIBE ME... HE OFFERED ME TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IF I FORGOT ABOUT THE PAPERS...

TWO HOURS OF THAT IS ENOUGH! HE KNOWS HIS PART WELL! THE DRUG WILL LAST UNTIL THE DAY AFTER THE TRIAL!

HA! HA! THE STUPID OAF! AFTER HIS TESTIMONY MAXWELL WILL BE OUSTED FROM THE NATIONAL BOARD AND I WILL BE CHAIRMAN! THEN I CAN BOG DOWN THE AMERICAN WAR MACHINE EVEN DEEPER THAN THE POLITICIANS HAVE!

I FOUND THESE PAPERS IN MR. MAXWELL'S HOME... HE OFFERED..

HERBERT MAXWELL'S HEARING BY THE UNITED STATES COMMITTEE WAS HELD ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 7,1951! THE PUBLIC WAS BARRED FROM THE PROCEEDINGS....

...AND I CHARGE HERBERT MAXWELL WITH PLOTTING TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES...WITH STEALING SECRET DOCUMENTS AND WITH BEING A RED SPY! I ASK THE COURT TO HEAR THE TESTIMONY OF THE AGENT ASSIGNED TO THE CASE!

WILL THAT SECRET SERVICE AGENT PLEASE RISE?

YOU MAY PRESENT YOUR TESTIMONY, SIR!

I FOUND THESE SECRET PAPERS IN MR. MAXWELL'S HOME...HE TRIED TO BRIBE ME ...HE OFFERED ME TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IF I FORGOT ABOUT THE PAPERS...

THAT'S WHAT CHRISTOPHER TROTTER TOLD ME TO SAY AFTER HE THOUGHT HE HAD INJECTED A DRUG INTO ME.....JUST AS HE HAS DONE TO MR. MAXWELL FOR WEEKS! TROTTER'S RATS ARE BEING PICKED UP RIGHT NOW BY SECRET SERVICE AGENTS! **CHRISTOPHER TROTTER IS THE TRAITOR...HE'S YOUR BENEDICT ARNOLD!**

HUH? THE DRUG... WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, YOU STUPID... **OW-W-W-W!**

HALT, TROTTER! HALT...OR I'LL SHOOT!

DEAD? BUT I AIMED AT HIS SHOULDER! MY SHOT COULDN'T HAVE KILLED HIM!

IT DIDN'T! IT ONLY KNOCKED HIM OVER AND HE FELL ON THE POINTS OF THE HYPODERMIC SYRINGES HE CARRIED IN HIS BREAST POCKET! THEY DROVE RIGHT INTO HIS HEART!

HERBERT MAXWELL'S NAME WAS CLEARED AND HE IS STILL ON THE NATIONAL BOARD TODAY! FOR THE SECRET SERVICE AGENT, KENT BLAKE, THAT WAS JUST ANOTHER CASE...ANOTHER DAY'S WORK! THE NEXT MORNING HE WAS PUT ON THE MOST BAFFLING CASE OF HIS CAREER... **THE CASE OF THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE!**

THIS MAN...WHOEVER HE IS, CAN DESTROY OUR AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE IF HE ISN'T APPREHENDED IN TIME! I DON'T KNOW OF ANY OTHER MAN I'D RATHER TRUST WITH THIS MISSION, KENT BLAKE!

THANK YOU, SIR ...I SHALL DO MY BEST!

THE END

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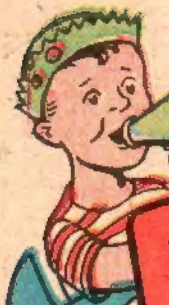

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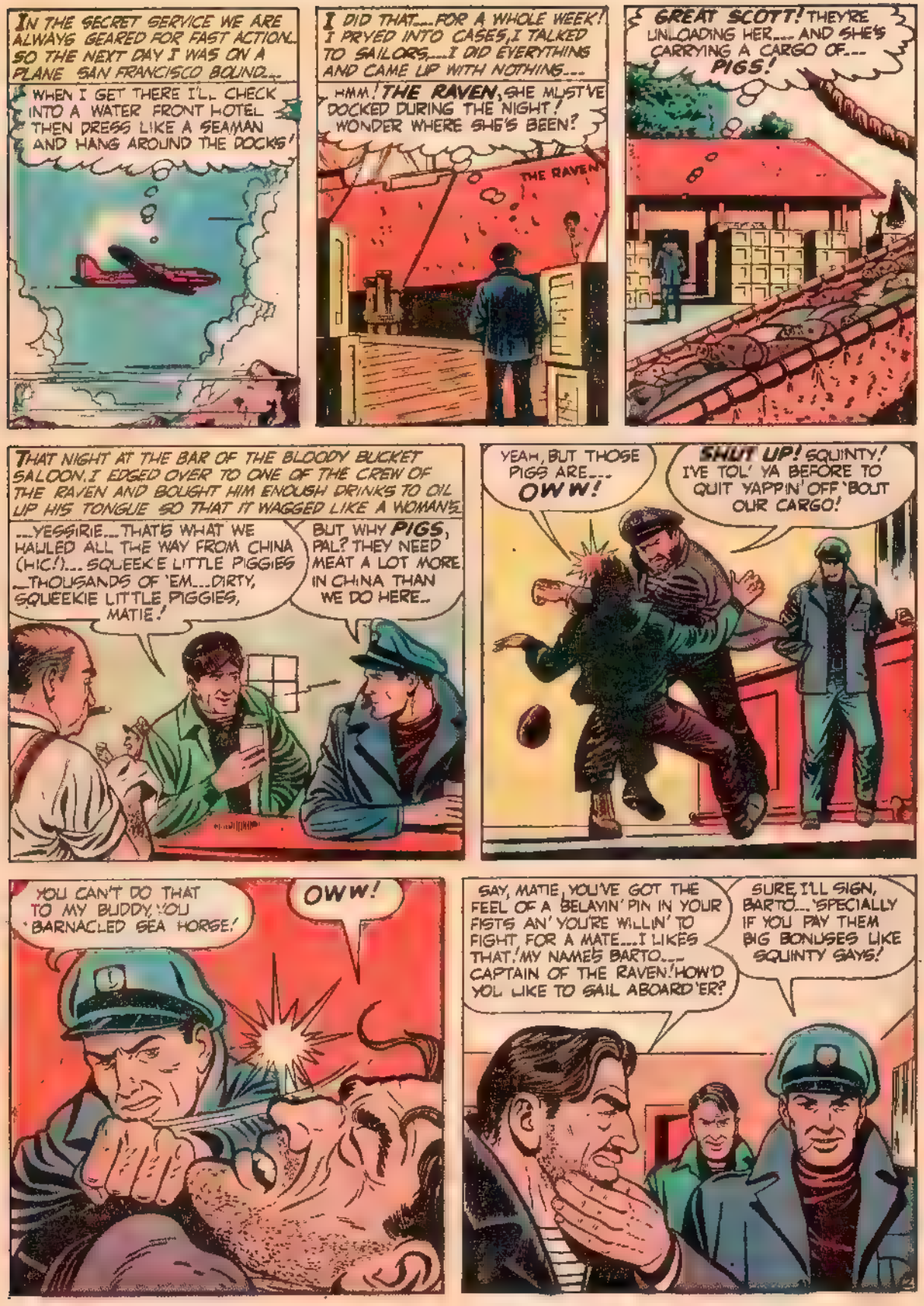
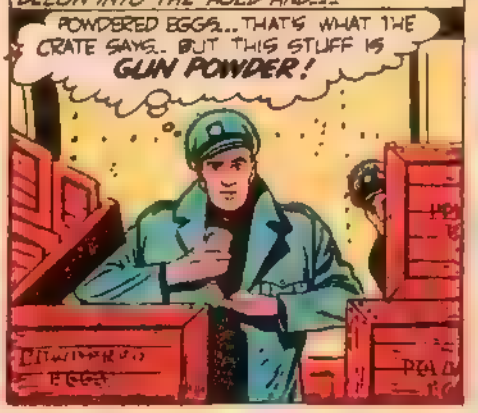
KENT BLAKE
SECRET SERVICE
MERCHANTS OF DEATH
SQUINTY, BLAST A HOLE INTO THAT SNOOPER'S HEAD, THEN TOSS HIM OVERBOARD... OR I'LL CUT OUT YOUR LIVER AND FEED IT TO THE SHARKS!
NO! DON'T MAKE ME DO IT, CAPTAIN BARTO... I'M NOT A KILLER.. I... I.. CAN'T DO IT!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, CAPTAIN BARTO... HAVEN'T YOU GOT THE GUTS TO DO IT? A GUY THAT'S DOING WHAT YOU ARE SHOULDN'T LET A LITTLE MURDER SCARE HIM!
THIS CASE AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE STAFF ARTIST OF SECRET SERVICE MAGAZINE, IS BASED ON MATERIAL TAKEN DIRECTLY FROM MY FILES.. ONE WHICH I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT PERSONALLY!
8278
IT ALL STARTED LAST YEAR, A FEW MONTHS AFTER THE KOREAN "POLICE ACTION" FLARED INTO A KILLING WAR! MY CHIEF, WALTER H. KRUGER, WAS BOILING MAD AS HE GAVE ME THE FACTS...
SURE WAR IS BRUTAL AND HORRIBLE, KENT... BUT WHEN SOME OF THESE FLAG-WAVING HYPOCRITES WHO CALL THEMSELVES AMERICANS START MAKING ENORMOUS PROFITS BY SELLING WAR MATERIALS TO THE ENEMY... THEN I CALL IT PLAIN, DOWN RIGHT MURDER OF OUR BOYS!
I AGREE WITH YOU, CHIEF... AND I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY TO STOP THOSE MERCHANTS OF DEATH!
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THEY ARE, KENT... MERCHANTS OF DEATH! EVERY DAY BOATLOADS OF U.S. WAR GOODS ARE POURING INTO RED CHINA, THEN THRU MANCHURIA, INTO NORTH KOREA! THEY DELIVER GUN POWDER, TRUCK TIRES... EVEN PENICILLIN AND BLOOD PLASMA!
GIVE ME A MONTH AND I'LL HAVE THE NAME OF EVERY SCOW CAPTAIN WHO'S UNLOADING STUFF LIKE THAT TO THE REDS!


IN THE SECRET SERVICE WE ARE ALWAYS GEARED FOR FAST ACTION. SO THE NEXT DAY I WAS ON A PLANE SAN FRANCISCO BOUND...
WHEN I GET THERE I'LL CHECK INTO A WATER FRONT HOTEL THEN DRESS LIKE A SEAMAN AND HANG AROUND THE DOCKS!
I DID THAT....FOR A WHOLE WEEK! I PRYED INTO CASES, I TALKED TO SAILORS,....I DID EVERYTHING AND CAME UP WITH NOTHING....
HMM! THE RAVEN, SHE MUST'VE DOCKED DURING THE NIGHT! WONDER WHERE SHE'S BEEN?
THE RAVEN
GREAT SCOTT! THEY'RE UNLOADING HER.... AND SHE'S CARRYING A CARGO OF... PIGS!
THAT NIGHT AT THE BAR OF THE BLOODY BUCKET SALOON, I EDGED OVER TO ONE OF THE CREW OF THE RAVEN AND BOUGHT HIM ENOUGH DRINKS TO OIL UP HIS TONGUE SO THAT IT WAGGED LIKE A WOMAN'S.
...YESSIRIE... THAT'S WHAT WE HAULED ALL THE WAY FROM CHINA (HIC!)... SQUEEKE LITTLE PIGGIES ...THOUSANDS OF 'EM... DIRTY, SQUEEKIE LITTLE PIGGIES, MATIE!
BUT WHY PIGS, PAL? THEY NEED MEAT A LOT MORE IN CHINA THAN WE DO HERE..
YEAH, BUT THOSE PIGS ARE... OWW!
SHUT UP! SQUINTY! I'VE TOL' YA BEFORE TO QUIT YAPPIN' OFF 'BOUT OUR CARGO!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO MY BUDDY, YOU BARNACLED SEA HORSE!
OWW!
SAY, MATIE, YOU'VE GOT THE FEEL OF A BELAYIN' PIN IN YOUR FISTS AN' YOU'RE WILLIN' TO FIGHT FOR A MATE... I LIKES THAT! MY NAME'S BARTO.... CAPTAIN OF THE RAVEN! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SAIL ABOARD 'ER?
SURE, I'LL SIGN, BARTO... 'SPECIALLY IF YOU PAY THEM BIG BONUSES LIKE SQUINTY SAYS!

WE LOADED FOR FIVE FULL DAYS.. AND ON THE SIXTH WE SAILED OUT OF FRISCO..

THE CRATES IN OUR CARGO WERE MARKED AS VARIOUS POWDERED AND CANNED FOOD PRODUCTS! I DIDN'T BELIEVE THOSE LABELS SO THE FIRST CHANCE I GOT, WHEN WE WERE OUT AT SEA FOR ABOUT A WEEK, I SNEAKED BELOW INTO THE HOLD AND...

POWDERED EGGS... THAT'S WHAT THE CRATE SAYS.. BUT THIS STUFF IS **GUN POWDER!**



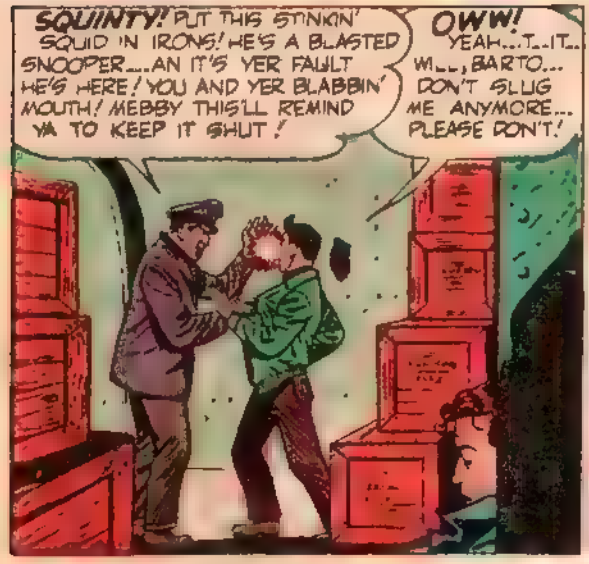
THEN BARTO IS ONE OF THE **MERCHANTS OF DEATH!** I BETTER...

I'VE BEEN WATCHIN YA... YA DIRTY BILGE RAT!

OWW!

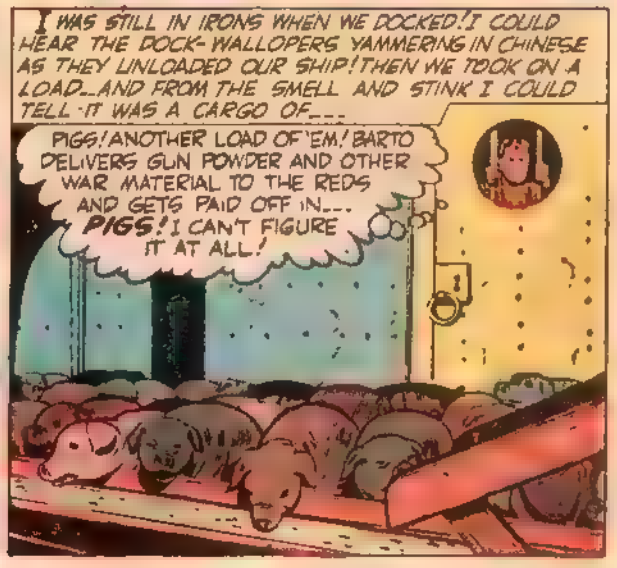
SQUINTY! PUT THIS STINKIN' SQUID IN IRONS! HE'S A BLASTED SNOOPER... AN IT'S YER FAULT HE'S HERE! YOU AND YER BLABBIN' MOUTH! MEBBY THIS'LL REMIND YA TO KEEP IT SHUT!

OWW! YEAH... I... IT... WELL, BARTO... DON'T SLUG ME ANYMORE... PLEASE DON'T!



I WAS STILL IN IRONS WHEN WE DOCKED! I COULD HEAR THE DOCK-WALLOPERS YAMMERING IN CHINESE AS THEY UNLOADED OUR SHIP! THEN WE TOOK ON A LOAD... AND FROM THE SMELL AND STINK I COULD TELL IT WAS A CARGO OF...

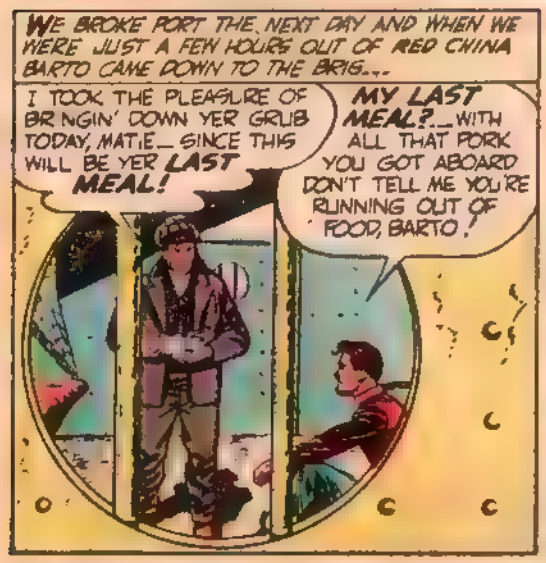
PIGS! ANOTHER LOAD OF 'EM! BARTO DELIVERS GUN POWDER AND OTHER WAR MATERIAL TO THE REDS AND GETS PAID OFF IN... **PIGS!** I CAN'T FIGURE IT AT ALL!



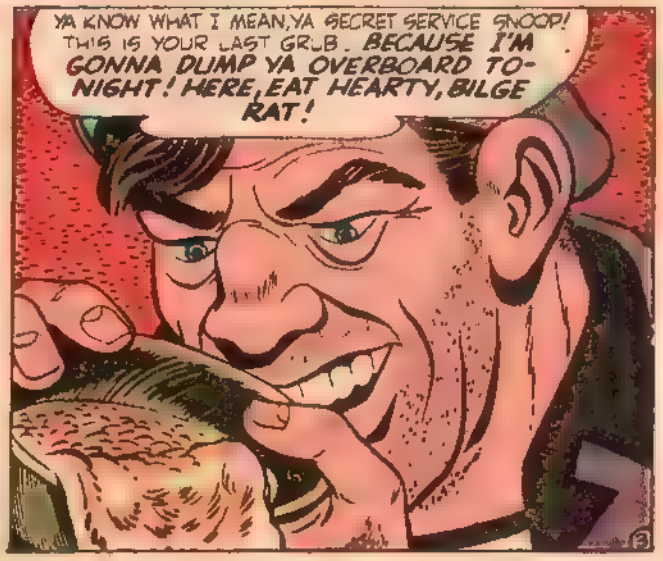
WE BROKE PORT THE NEXT DAY AND WHEN WE WERE JUST A FEW HOURS OUT OF RED CHINA BARTO CAME DOWN TO THE BRIG...

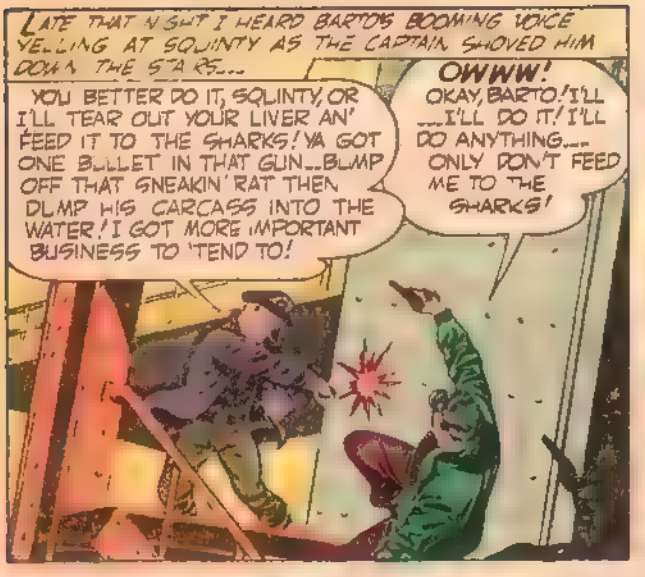
I TOOK THE PLEASURE OF BRINGIN' DOWN YER GRUB TODAY, MATIE... SINCE THIS WILL BE YER **LAST MEAL!**

MY LAST MEAL?... WITH ALL THAT PORK YOU GOT ABOARD DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF FOOD, BARTO!

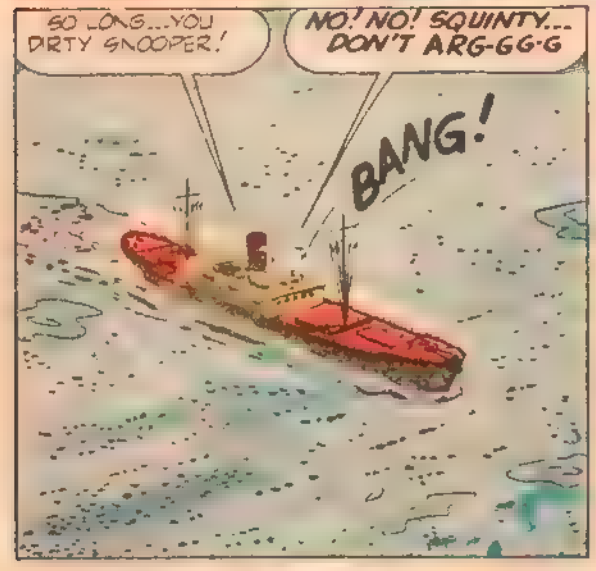


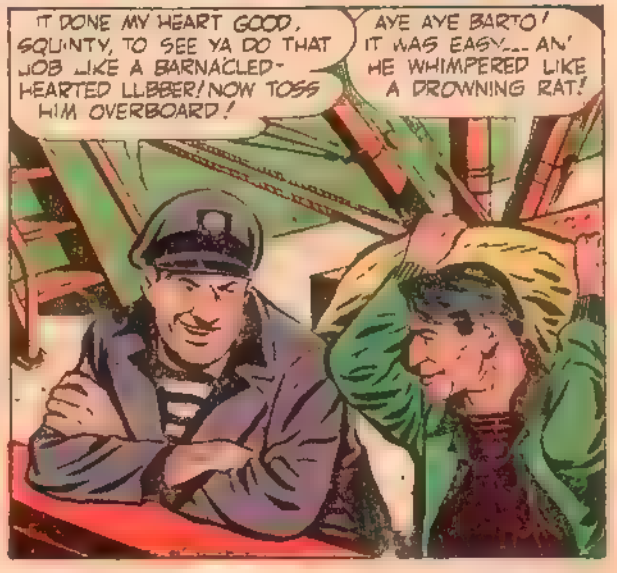
YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN, YA SECRET SERVICE SNOOP! THIS IS YOUR LAST GRUB. **BECAUSE I'M GONNA DUMP YA OVERBOARD TONIGHT! HERE, EAT HEARTY, BILGE RAT!**

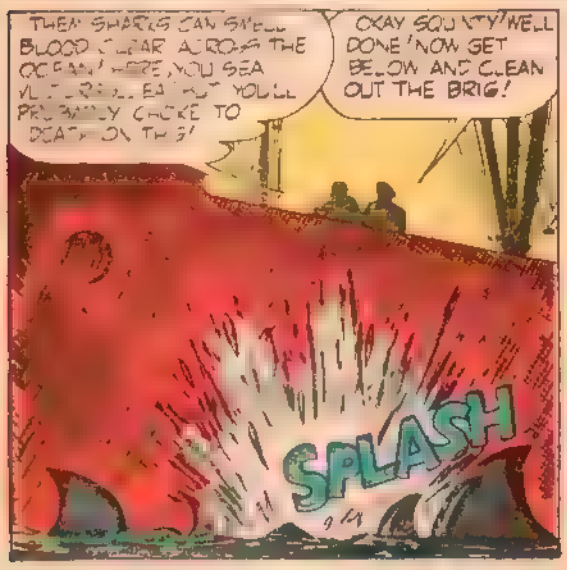


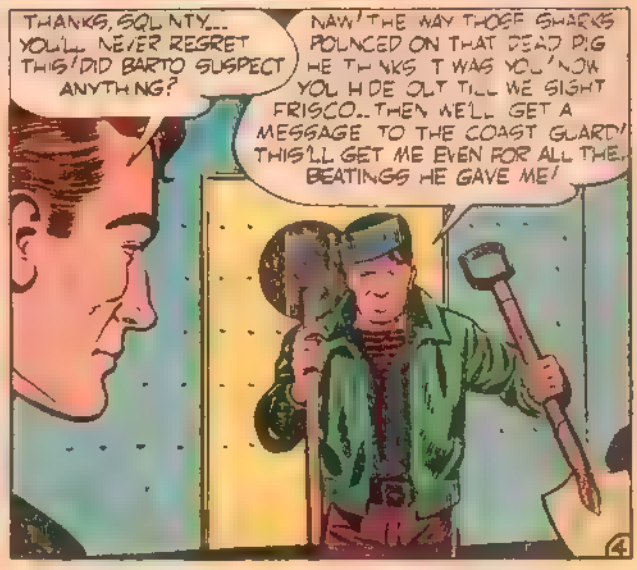

LATE THAT NIGHT I HEARD BARTO'S BOOMING VOICE YELLING AT SQUINTY AS THE CAPTAIN SHOVED HIM DOWN THE STAIRS...
YOU BETTER DO IT, SQUINTY, OR I'LL TEAR OUT YOUR LIVER AN' FEED IT TO THE SHARKS! YA GOT ONE BULLET IN THAT GUN...BUMP OFF THAT SNEAKIN' RAT THEN DUMP HIS CARCASS INTO THE WATER! I GOT MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO 'TEND TO!
OWWW! OKAY, BARTO! I'LL ...I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO ANYTHING... ONLY DON'T FEED ME TO THE SHARKS!

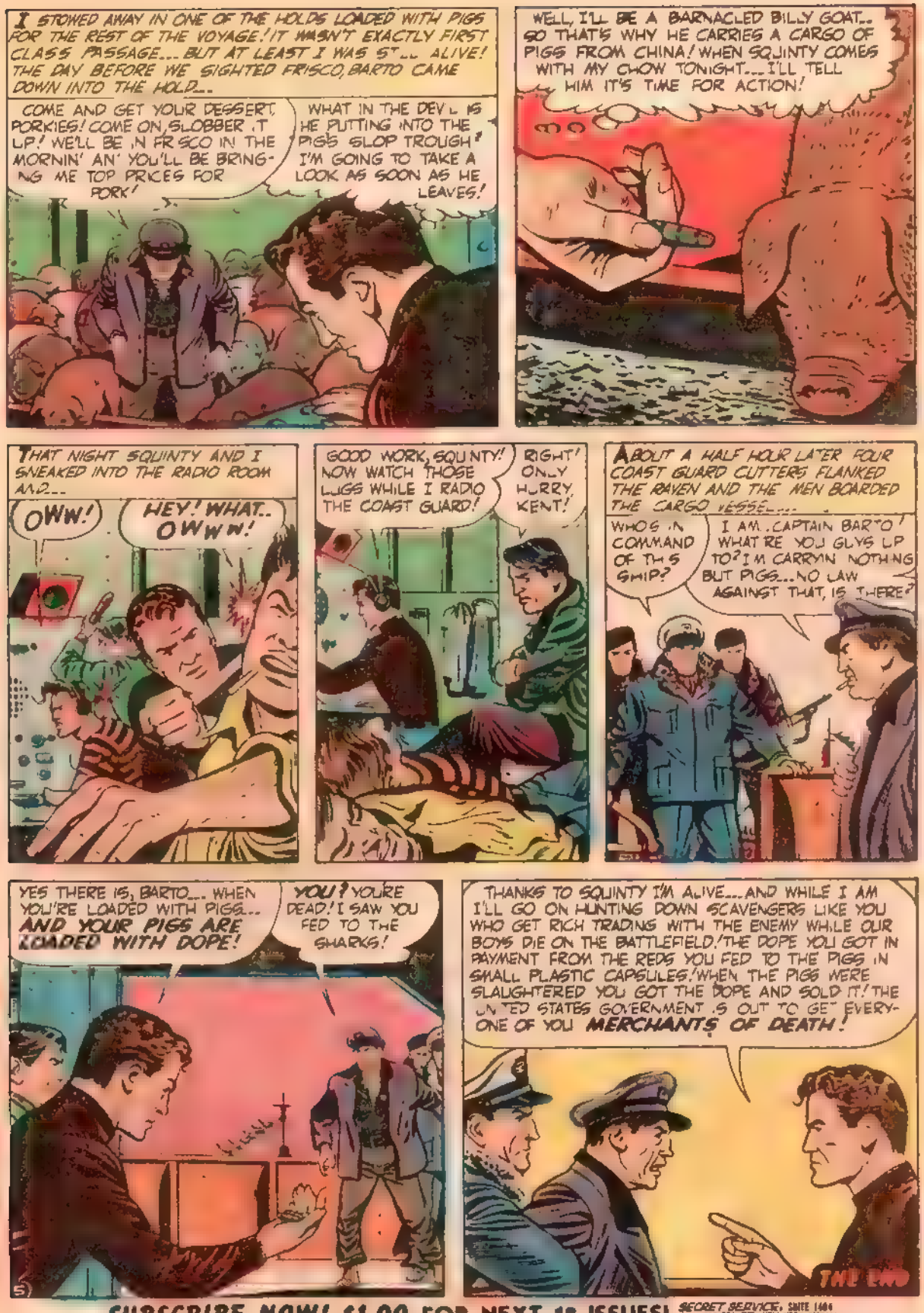
I...I GOTTA DO THIS, MATE! I DON'T WANNA...I'M NOT A KILLER...BUT YOU HEARD BARTO...HE'LL RIP ME APART...HE'LL...
SQUINTY..DON'T DO IT! LISTEN TO ME...


SO LONG...YOU DIRTY SNOOPER!
NO! NO! SQUINTY... DON'T ARG-GG-G
BANG!


IT DONE MY HEART GOOD, SQUINTY, TO SEE YA DO THAT JOB LIKE A BARNACLED-HEARTED LUBBER! NOW TOSS HIM OVERBOARD!
AYE AYE BARTO! IT WAS EASY... AN' HE WHIMPERED LIKE A DROWNING RAT!


THEN SHARKS CAN SMELL BLOOD CLEAR ACROSS THE OCEAN! HERE, YOU SEA [illegible] YOU'LL PROBABLY CHOKE TO DEATH ON THIS!
OKAY SQUINTY! WELL DONE! NOW GET BELOW AND CLEAN OUT THE BRIG!
SPLASH


THANKS, SQUINTY... YOU'LL NEVER REGRET THIS! DID BARTO SUSPECT ANYTHING?
NAW! THE WAY THOSE SHARKS POUNCED ON THAT DEAD PIG HE THINKS IT WAS YOU! NOW YOU HIDE OUT TILL WE SIGHT FRISCO...THEN WE'LL GET A MESSAGE TO THE COAST GUARD! THIS'LL GET ME EVEN FOR ALL THE BEATINGS HE GAVE ME!


I STOWED AWAY IN ONE OF THE HOLDS LOADED WITH PIGS FOR THE REST OF THE VOYAGE! IT WASN'T EXACTLY FIRST CLASS PASSAGE... BUT AT LEAST I WAS ST... ALIVE! THE DAY BEFORE WE SIGHTED FRISCO, BARTO CAME DOWN INTO THE HOLD...
COME AND GET YOUR DESSERT, PORKIES! COME ON, SLOBBER, IT UP! WE'LL BE IN FRISCO IN THE MORNIN' AN' YOU'LL BE BRINGING ME TOP PRICES FOR PORK!
WHAT IN THE DEVIL IS HE PUTTING INTO THE PIG'S SLOP TROUGH? I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AS SOON AS HE LEAVES!
WELL, I'LL BE A BARNACLED BILLY GOAT.. SO THAT'S WHY HE CARRIES A CARGO OF PIGS FROM CHINA! WHEN SQUINTY COMES WITH MY CHOW TONIGHT... I'LL TELL HIM IT'S TIME FOR ACTION!
THAT NIGHT SQUINTY AND I SNEAKED INTO THE RADIO ROOM AND...
OWW!
HEY! WHAT.. OWWW!
GOOD WORK, SQUINTY! NOW WATCH THOSE LUGS WHILE I RADIO THE COAST GUARD!
RIGHT! ONLY HURRY, KENT!
ABOUT A HALF HOUR LATER FOUR COAST GUARD CUTTERS FLANKED THE RAVEN AND THE MEN BOARDED THE CARGO VESSEL...
WHO'S IN COMMAND OF THIS SHIP?
I AM, CAPTAIN BARTO! WHAT'RE YOU GUYS UP TO? I'M CARRYIN' NOTHING BUT PIGS... NO LAW AGAINST THAT, IS THERE?
YES THERE IS, BARTO... WHEN YOU'RE LOADED WITH PIGS... AND YOUR PIGS ARE LOADED WITH DOPE!
YOU? YOU'RE DEAD! I SAW YOU FED TO THE SHARKS!
THANKS TO SQUINTY I'M ALIVE... AND WHILE I AM I'LL GO ON HUNTING DOWN SCAVENGERS LIKE YOU WHO GET RICH TRADING WITH THE ENEMY WHILE OUR BOYS DIE ON THE BATTLEFIELD! THE DOPE YOU GOT IN PAYMENT FROM THE REDS YOU FED TO THE PIGS IN SMALL PLASTIC CAPSULES! WHEN THE PIGS WERE SLAUGHTERED YOU GOT THE DOPE AND SOLD IT! THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IS OUT TO GET EVERY-ONE OF YOU MERCHANTS OF DEATH!
THE END

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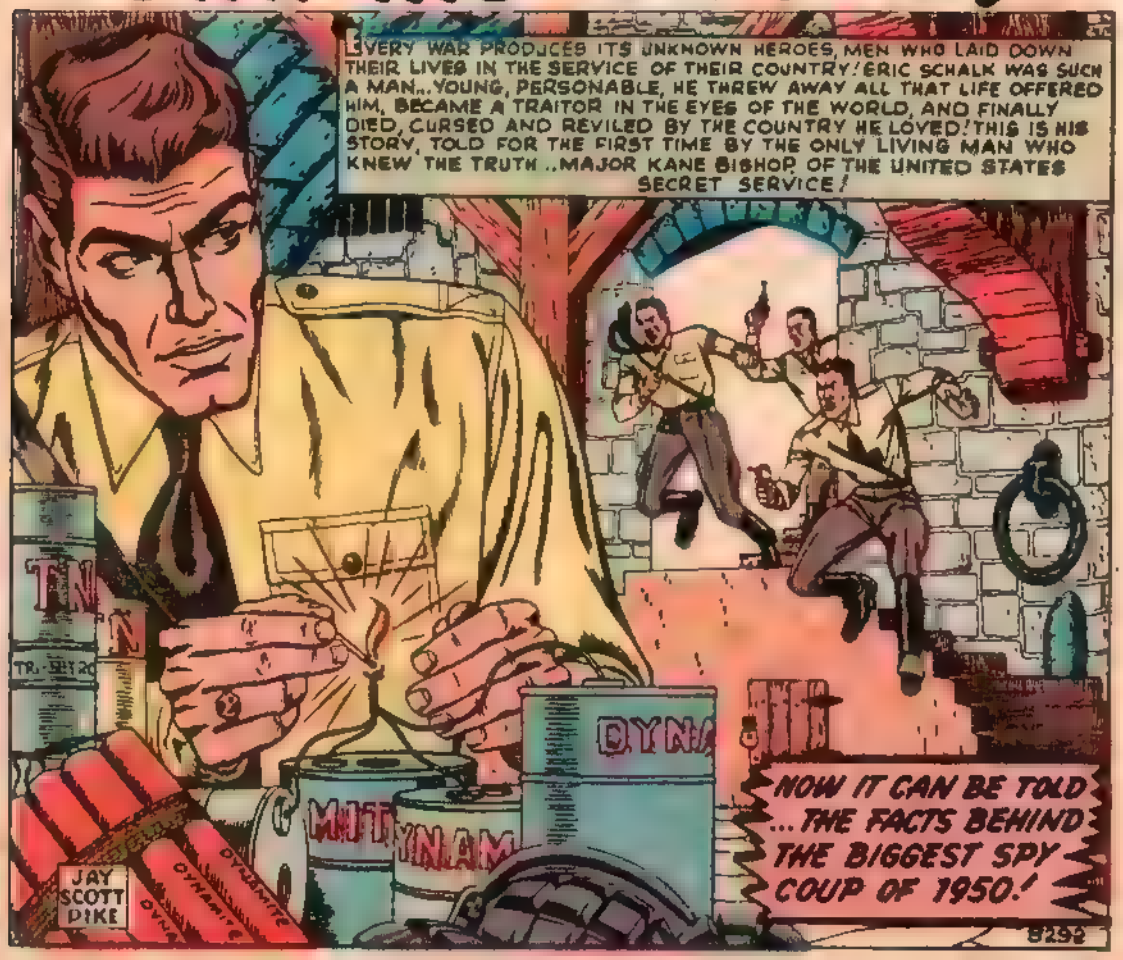
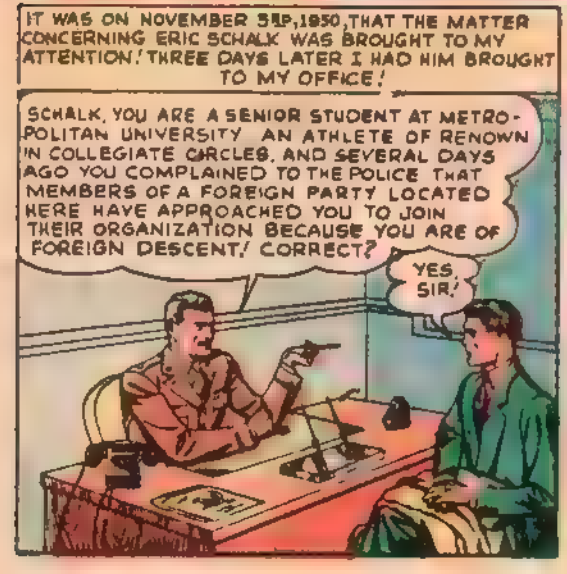
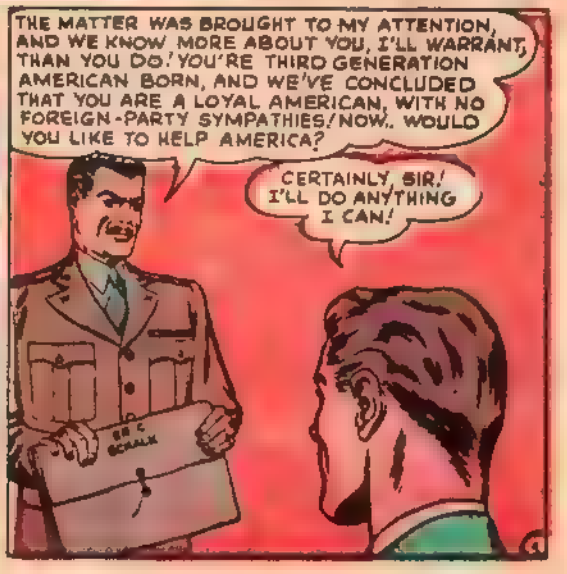
HE LAID DOWN HIS LIFE!


EVERY WAR PRODUCES IT'S UNKNOWN HEROES, MEN WHO LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY! ERIC SCHALK WAS SUCH A MAN.. YOUNG, PERSONABLE, HE THREW AWAY ALL THAT LIFE OFFERED HIM, BECAME A TRAITOR IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD, AND FINALLY DIED, CURSED AND REVILED BY THE COUNTRY HE LOVED! THIS IS HIS STORY, TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME BY THE ONLY LIVING MAN WHO KNEW THE TRUTH .. MAJOR KANE BISHOP OF THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE!
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD ... THE FACTS BEHIND THE BIGGEST SPY COUP OF 1950!
JAY SCOTT PIKE
DYNAMITE
8292

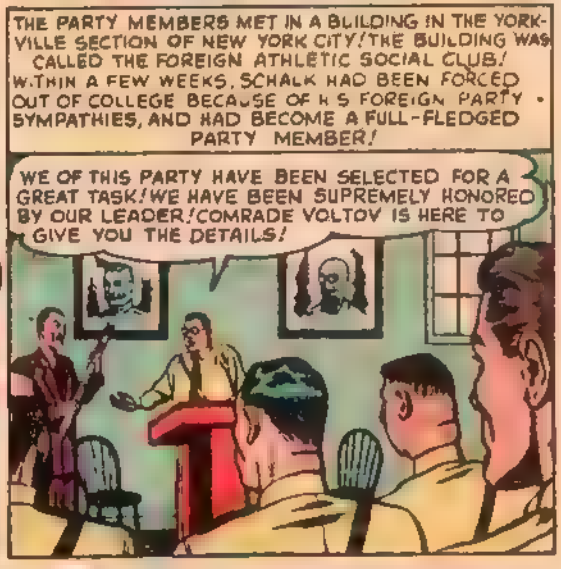

IT WAS ON NOVEMBER 3RD, 1950, THAT THE MATTER CONCERNING ERIC SCHALK WAS BROUGHT TO MY ATTENTION! THREE DAYS LATER I HAD HIM BROUGHT TO MY OFFICE!
SCHALK, YOU ARE A SENIOR STUDENT AT METROPOLITAN UNIVERSITY AN ATHLETE OF RENOWN IN COLLEGIATE CIRCLES, AND SEVERAL DAYS AGO YOU COMPLAINED TO THE POLICE THAT MEMBERS OF A FOREIGN PARTY LOCATED HERE HAVE APPROACHED YOU TO JOIN THEIR ORGANIZATION BECAUSE YOU ARE OF FOREIGN DESCENT! CORRECT?
YES, SIR!

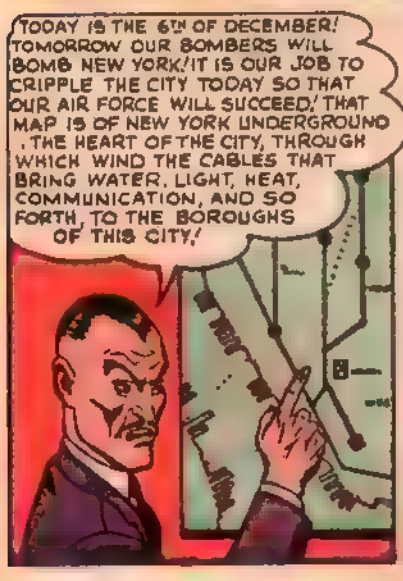

THE MATTER WAS BROUGHT TO MY ATTENTION, AND WE KNOW MORE ABOUT YOU, I'LL WARRANT, THAN YOU DO! YOU'RE THIRD GENERATION AMERICAN BORN, AND WE'VE CONCLUDED THAT YOU ARE A LOYAL AMERICAN, WITH NO FOREIGN-PARTY SYMPATHIES! NOW.. WOULD YOU LIKE TO HELP AMERICA?
CERTAINLY, SIR! I'LL DO ANYTHING I CAN!

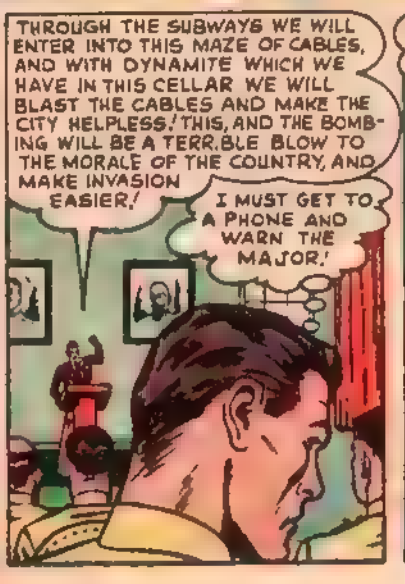
SOMETHING BIG IS STIRRING AND WE THINK IF WE COULD GET A MAN INTO ONE OF THE ANTI-AMERICAN ORGANIZATIONS WE MIGHT FIND OUT WHAT IT'S! YOU CAN BE THAT MAN! BUT BEFORE YOU ACCEPT, LET ME WARN YOU THAT IT IS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS, AND YOU WILL ACT A PART THAT WILL MAKE YOU HATED!

AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL...TO YOU...IF YOU ARE DISCOVERED, WE WILL NOT HELP YOU, WE WILL NOT ADMIT YOU WERE WORKING FOR US, AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW THAT YOU WERE A SECRET AGENT OF THE U.S.! YOU WILL BE THOUGHT OF AS A TRAITOR TO YOUR COUNTRY! THIS IS IMPERATIVE FOR SECURITY REASONS! I'LL GIVE YOU TIME TO THINK IT OVER!
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, MAJOR! I'M YOUR MAN!

WE SPENT SEVERAL LONG DAYS, SECRETLY CRAMMING YOUNG SCHALK WITH KNOWLEDGE AGENTS WHO PLAY THIS DANGEROUS GAME MUST HAVE! THEN A WEEK LATER HE WAS AGAIN APPROACHED BY A FOREIGN-PARTY MEMBER!
COMRADE KLEIN, I HAVE BEEN THINKING OVER WHAT YOU SAID! I DO THINK THAT EVERY MAN SHOULD DO ALL HE CAN FOR HIS MOTHER COUNTRY! I AM READY TO JOIN THE PARTY!
GOOD! WE NEED YOUNG ATHLETIC MEN LIKE YOU, TO HELP US LEAD THE YOUTH OF THIS WOMANISH COUNTRY OUT OF ITS SLAVERY! I WILL CALL FOR YOU AT EIGHT AND BRING YOU TO OUR MEETING WHERE YOU WILL BE INDUCTED!


THE PARTY MEMBERS MET IN A BUILDING IN THE YORKVILLE SECTION OF NEW YORK CITY! THE BUILDING WAS CALLED THE FOREIGN ATHLETIC SOCIAL CLUB! WITHIN A FEW WEEKS, SCHALK HAD BEEN FORCED OUT OF COLLEGE BECAUSE OF HIS FOREIGN PARTY SYMPATHIES, AND HAD BECOME A FULL-FLEDGED PARTY MEMBER!
WE OF THIS PARTY HAVE BEEN SELECTED FOR A GREAT TASK! WE HAVE BEEN SUPREMELY HONORED BY OUR LEADER! COMRADE VOLTOV IS HERE TO GIVE YOU THE DETAILS!


TODAY IS THE 6TH OF DECEMBER! TOMORROW OUR BOMBERS WILL BOMB NEW YORK! IT IS OUR JOB TO CRIPPLE THE CITY TODAY SO THAT OUR AIR FORCE WILL SUCCEED! THAT MAP IS OF NEW YORK UNDERGROUND . THE HEART OF THE CITY, THROUGH WHICH WIND THE CABLES THAT BRING WATER, LIGHT, HEAT, COMMUNICATION, AND SO FORTH, TO THE BOROUGHS OF THIS CITY!


THROUGH THE SUBWAYS WE WILL ENTER INTO THIS MAZE OF CABLES, AND WITH DYNAMITE WHICH WE HAVE IN THIS CELLAR WE WILL BLAST THE CABLES AND MAKE THE CITY HELPLESS! THIS, AND THE BOMBING WILL BE A TERRIBLE BLOW TO THE MORALE OF THE COUNTRY, AND MAKE INVASION EASIER!
I MUST GET TO A PHONE AND WARN THE MAJOR!

FREDERICK, I FEEL SUDDENLY ILL! I MUST GET A DRINK OF WATER!
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU'VE MISSED WHEN YOU GET BACK! DON'T BE LONG.. I THINK WE WILL START SOON TO DO THIS WORK!

SCHALK WENT QUIETLY TO THE OFFICE NEXT TO THE HALL! HE KNEW THERE WAS A TELEPHONE THERE! HE WOULD HAVE PREFERRED TO LEAVE THE BUILDING BUT ALL EXITS WERE GUARDED!
HELLO! HELLO! OPERATOR! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS BLASTED PHONE?
THE WIRES HAVE BEEN CUT!
I-I JUST WANTED TO CALL MY GIRL FRIEND!
IN THIS GLORIOUS MOMENT YOU ARE FIRST ILL, AND THEN YOU WISH TO CALL YOUR GIRL! NO, ERIC, IT WON'T DO! WE CUT ALL PHONE WIRES, JUST IN CASE THERE WAS AN ENEMY AGENT AMONGST US, AND THERE WAS... WASN'T THERE, ERIC?
ERIC WAS TRAPPED... AND HE KNEW THERE WAS ONLY ONE DESPERATE WAY TO WRECK THE MONSTROUS PLOT THAT WOULD MOVE FORWARD IN A SHORT TIME!
YOU'VE THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING BUT THIS!
CRACK!
UGH!
THE GUN REPORT WOULD BRING THEM SWARMING LIKE RATS IN A SECOND, BUT THAT SECOND COULD GIVE ERIC THE TIME HE NEEDED! WITH ALL THE SPEED HE COULD MUSTER FROM HIS TRAINED BODY, HE HURTLED DOWN THE CELLAR STAIRS!
IF THE CELLAR'S ONLY OPEN SO I CAN GET TO THAT DYNAMITE!
THE CELLAR WAS OPEN, AND IN A SECOND HE HAD THE FUSES FIXED AND LIT!
THE DYNAMITE! STOP HIM!
TOO LATE, YOUR PLAN AND YOU ARE GOING TO GET BLOWN TO...
CRACK!
DYNAMITE
THE EXPLOSION WAS THOUGHT TO BE THE WORK OF LOYAL AMERICANS IN PROTEST AGAINST THE PARTY'S ACTIVITIES! BUT ONE MAN SURVIVED FOR A FEW HOURS, AND FROM HIM I GOT THE TRUE STORY! OF COURSE THE SPIES' PLAN TO BOMB THE CITY WAS ABANDONED! TO THIS DAY ERIC SCHALK IS THOUGHT OF AS A TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY! ONLY I, AND NOW, YOU, KNOW THE TRUE STORY... THE STORY OF A GREAT AMERICAN, WHO, WITHOUT HONOR OR FAME, LAID DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY!
THE END

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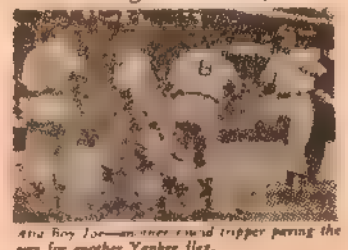

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THE sheets of snow blinded us, as we mushed the dogs across the ice beneath us. We made a sharp turn around jutting glacial ridges and the sledge tottered on one runner, nearly capsizing before it righted itself. The freezing blast of wind cut through our fur parkas like a hot knife through butter; it did little good to dress warmly for weather like this. There is no real protection against the Arctic cold.

I shouted at Larry, my husband, "How much farther?"

He shouted back. "We'll sight the Eskimo village in about half an hour, Helen."

I shivered as I yelled at the lead dog, "Mush! Mush!" And when I cracked the whip above his head, I thought the snap would break my frostbitten wrist. I consoled myself with the thought that in another half an hour we'd be resting securely in a visitor's igloo, or warming ourselves around a tallow lamp that burned walrus-oil and gave off heat. I wondered, as I did often on this long and arduous expedition, whether we would find any sign or news as to the whereabouts of Remington. I. F. Remington, one of the world's greatest explorers, had gone out ten years ago in search of the Lost Eskimo Tribes and the fabulous treasures reportedly theirs. He had sought them beyond the impenetrable *ridge*, the barriers of mountain-ice which no man had ever passed.

As we moved swiftly across the ice, I kept thinking of him. It kept my mind off the cold. Had he found the lost tribe, and the treasure? Had he succeeded in crossing the ridge? Or had he died somewhere in the icy wastes, his body preserved by nature's sub-zero icebox? I shuddered, thinking of this last possibility.

Then I saw it. The village. I yelled at Larry. "Thar she blows. Just in time to keep my hands from freezing-up."

"Mush!" yelled Larry, at the top of his voice. "Mush!"

In a few minutes we were in the village, and several of the tribe's old men came out to greet us.

"Welcome, travelers," called out an old wrinkled headman. "Welcome to the village of the snowbird. Come into our humble dwelling and warm yourselves." The women smiled at us, their snow-tanned faces wrinkling with pleasure at greeting travelers who would entertain them with their strange antics.

"Thank you, friend," I answered. "We are cold and hungry and would be glad to partake of your hospitality."

After we were warmed and fed, having enjoyed a meal of walrus-steak, we settled around the small fire in the center of the igloo, seated on skins, and smoking our pipes.

"We have come on this long trip," started Larry, "in search of a great man, whom we fear is lost. He is an American explorer who came here in hopes of finding the Lost Tribes beyond the Great Barrier. Do you know of such a man?"

The old man sat there a while in silence, the smoke from his pipe curling upwards in twisting spirals. "Yes, travelers," he said, "I know of the man of whom you speak. He came through our village several years ago in search of the ancient treasures of the lost tribe. He stayed here a short while, and then took his dogs and sled in the direction of the Great Barrier that defies all human beings to cross it."

Larry looked at me. And I knew that he was relieved that our journey had not been in vain. At least we had word of Remington.

I asked the old man if Remington had taken any of the youths from this village along as guides.

"Yes," he answered. "Two young men from our small community went along with the explorer."

Larry nearly leaped to his feet in his excitement. "Well, what happened? Is he alive? Did he

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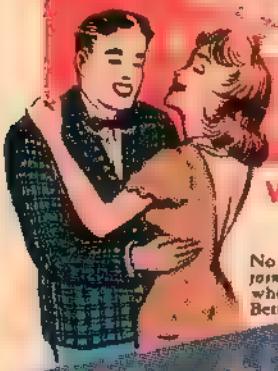

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find the Lost Tribe? Where is he?"

The old man looked startled for an instant at the outburst, but then his wrinkled face broke out in a wide smile. "Sit down, my friend," he said, "and I will tell you about your explorer friend Mr. Remington. First you must tell me why you are so interested in him. Is it the treasure you seek, or is the explorer, himself, your concern?"

Larry blushed, and apologized for his outburst. Then he sat down crosslegged on the sealskin, and said, "We are not interested in the treasure. We were sent out by the Arctic Expeditionary Institute, to see if we could discover what happened to Remington, and to investigate, in his footsteps, the existence of the legendary Lost Tribes."

We were both interrupted by a pretty young Eskimo girl who brought the old man his fat-broth. She served us the coffee we had given her from our own supplies. The old man resumed the conversation.

"As I said before, your explorer passed through this village about ten years ago. He took two hardy native boys with him, and headed for the Great Barrier. After many tries, much hardship and several accidents, he succeeded in crossing through a hidden break in the giant icewall."

I leaned forward to catch the man's every word. This was news which would make history. I could see the headlines in the paper when we returned. *Two young explorers discover ancient mystery of Lost Tribes. Disappearance of Arctic Explorer solved!*

Our host continued. ". . . Once on the other side of the barrier, your explorer discovered a magic land which lived under the ground in huge caves artificially heated. These were the Lost Eskimo Tribes of the legends. At first they were antagonistic towards him, but when they found out that he was not an enemy, but a friend who wanted to learn about their ways, so that he might let the rest of the world know about

them, they became more friendly. However, they pleaded with him not to tell the world about them. They said that gold-hunters would destroy their life."

"But," interjected Larry, "he went there for treasure—not research."

"No, my friend," corrected the old man. "That was what he said, to make it possible for him to finance the expedition. But he was just an explorer who wanted to find knowledge of strange peoples.

"He stayed there for a year, and then, with gifts and blessings from the strange tribes beyond the barrier, he left."

"What happened then?" I asked.

"He took his rich gifts of gold and jewels, and returned to this village."

"Is he dead?" Larry asked.

The man did not answer. He got up and went to a chest that lay underneath some skins in the corner of the igloo. He pushed it out into the light.

"No," he said. "The explorer which you so eagerly seek is not dead, and he wishes you two to have this wealth which he has no use for. He wants you to use it to finance your own expeditions, so that you will not be under the heel of those who believe in exploration only for gain. He wants you to use the money to further the knowledge of the world."

"But," I said, "where is Remington? If he is alive, where is he, and how does he know about us?"

"He knows about you, my friends," the man said, "and he is right here in this village. He has found peace and contentment here with a peace-loving people who never had a war, and who believe only in brotherly love."

Larry looked at me, and I looked at him. Then suddenly we both knew. We looked at the old man, and he smiled back at

"Yes, my young explorers," he said. "*I am I, F. Remington.*"

THE END #8272

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Dear Friend:
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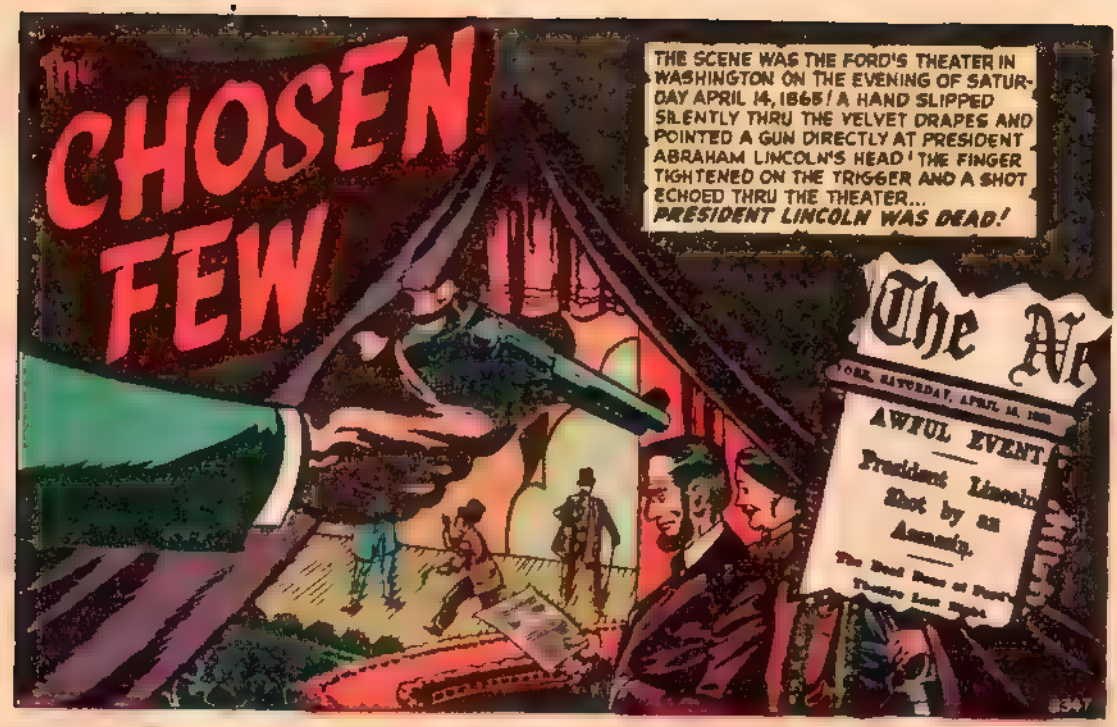
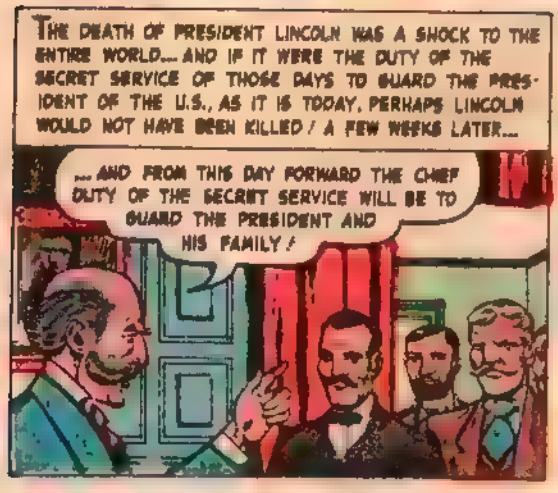
Are You Worried About Your Health?
Are You Worried About Money Troubles, or Your Job?
Are You Worried About Some One Dear To You?
Are You Worried About Your Children, Your Home Life, Your Marriage?
Is Some One Dear to You Drinking Too Much?
Do You Ever Get Lonely, Unhappy or Discouraged?
Would You Like To Have More Happiness, Success, "Good Fortune" in Life?

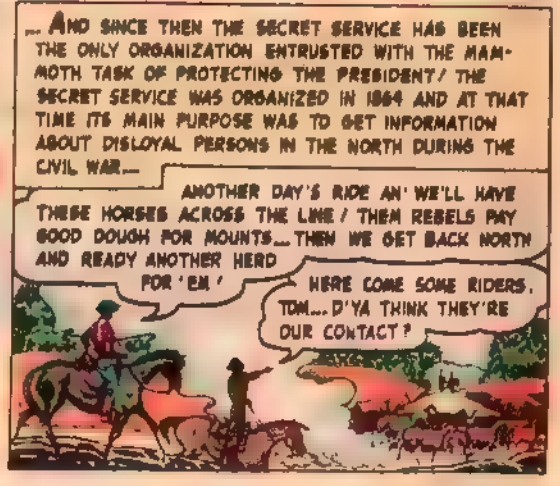
If you do have any of these *Problems*, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful *NEWS—NEWS* of a remarkable *NEW WAY of PRAYER* that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious *NEW* happiness and joy! Whether you have always believed in *PRAYER* or not, this remarkable *NEW WAY* may bring a whole *NEW* world of happiness and joy to you—and very, very quickly too!

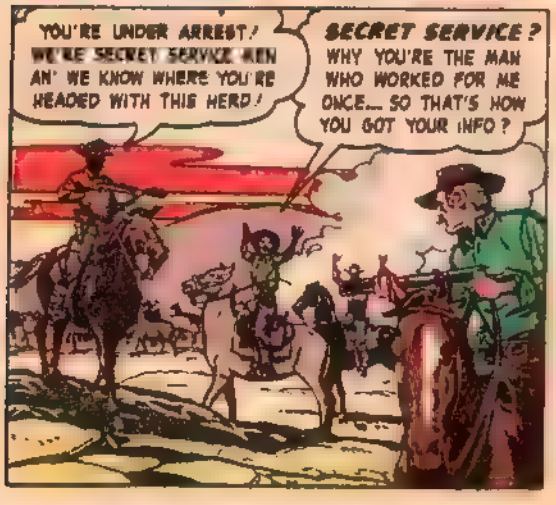
So don't wait, dear friend. Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy *IN ANY WAY*—we invite you to send your name and address with 10c (coin or stamps) so we can rush *FULL INFORMATION* to you by *AIR MAIL* about this remarkable *NEW WAY of PRAYER* that is helping so many others and may just as certainly and quickly help *YOU!*

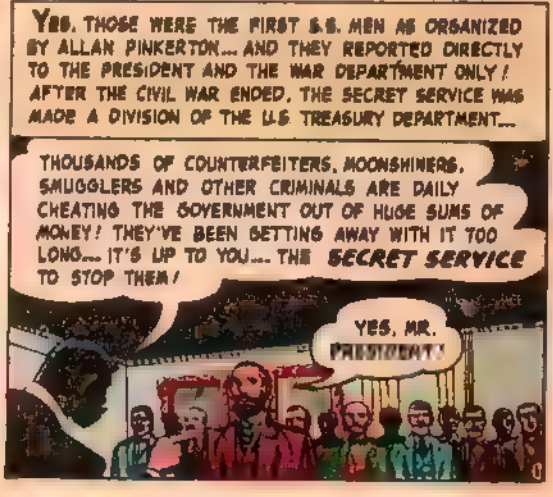
You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just mail your name, address and 10c (coin or stamps) now to *LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, Box 7607, Noroton, Conn.* We will rush this wonderful *NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH* to you by *AIR MAIL*.


The CHOSEN FEW
THE SCENE WAS THE FORD'S THEATER IN WASHINGTON ON THE EVENING OF SATURDAY APRIL 14, 1865! A HAND SLIPPED SILENTLY THRU THE VELVET DRAPES AND POINTED A GUN DIRECTLY AT PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S HEAD! THE FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER AND A SHOT ECHOED THRU THE THEATER... PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS DEAD!
The Ne
AWFUL EVENT
President Lincoln Shot by an Assassin
#347


THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS A SHOCK TO THE ENTIRE WORLD... AND IF IT WERE THE DUTY OF THE SECRET SERVICE OF THOSE DAYS TO GUARD THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S., AS IT IS TODAY, PERHAPS LINCOLN WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN KILLED! A FEW WEEKS LATER...
...AND FROM THIS DAY FORWARD THE CHIEF DUTY OF THE SECRET SERVICE WILL BE TO GUARD THE PRESIDENT AND HIS FAMILY!


...AND SINCE THEN THE SECRET SERVICE HAS BEEN THE ONLY ORGANIZATION ENTRUSTED WITH THE MAMMOTH TASK OF PROTECTING THE PRESIDENT! THE SECRET SERVICE WAS ORGANIZED IN 1864 AND AT THAT TIME ITS MAIN PURPOSE WAS TO GET INFORMATION ABOUT DISLOYAL PERSONS IN THE NORTH DURING THE CIVIL WAR...
ANOTHER DAY'S RIDE AN' WE'LL HAVE THESE HORSES ACROSS THE LINE! THEM REBELS PAY GOOD DOUGH FOR MOUNTS... THEN WE GET BACK NORTH AND READY ANOTHER HERD FOR 'EM!
HERE COME SOME RIDERS, TOM... D'YA THINK THEY'RE OUR CONTACT?


YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! WE'RE SECRET SERVICE MEN AN' WE KNOW WHERE YOU'RE HEADED WITH THIS HERD!
SECRET SERVICE? WHY YOU'RE THE MAN WHO WORKED FOR ME ONCE... SO THAT'S HOW YOU GOT YOUR INFO?


YES, THOSE WERE THE FIRST S.S. MEN AS ORGANIZED BY ALLAN PINKERTON... AND THEY REPORTED DIRECTLY TO THE PRESIDENT AND THE WAR DEPARTMENT ONLY! AFTER THE CIVIL WAR ENDED, THE SECRET SERVICE WAS MADE A DIVISION OF THE U.S TREASURY DEPARTMENT...
THOUSANDS OF COUNTERFEITERS, MOONSHINERS, SMUGGLERS AND OTHER CRIMINALS ARE DAILY CHEATING THE GOVERNMENT OUT OF HUGE SUMS OF MONEY! THEY'VE BEEN GETTING AWAY WITH IT TOO LONG... IT'S UP TO YOU... THE SECRET SERVICE TO STOP THEM!
YES, MR. PRESIDENT!

THE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS DID SUCH A REMARKABLE JOB THAT ALL DEPARTMENTS IN WASHINGTON DEMANDED THEIR SERVICES! NO MISSION WAS TOO TOUGH FOR THEM... AND MANY OF THE FAMOUS HEADLINES WHICH BROKE INTO PRINT FROM 1865 TO THE PRESENT DAY WOULD STILL BE IN THE TYPE-SETTERS JOB CASE IF IT WASN'T FOR THE WORK OF THAT HANDFUL OF MEN... *THE SECRET SERVICE!*

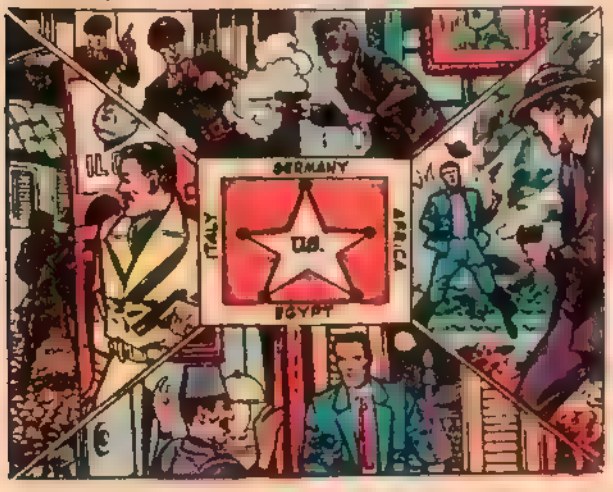
THEY SMASHED A SPANISH SPY RING IN 1898!

DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR, S.S. AGENTS EXPOSED THE ELABORATE GERMAN SABOTAGE PLANS DIRECTED BY DR HEINRICH ALBERT!

IN 1905, 32 AGENTS RECOVERED MILLIONS OF ACRES OF LAND AND UNCOVERED THE BIGGEST FRAUD EVER ATTEMPTED!

AT THE REQUEST OF PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, S.S. AGENTS INVESTIGATED AND EXPOSED THE INFAMOUS DOME OIL SCANDALS IN 1924!

IN THE LAST WORLD WAR SECRET SERVICE AGENTS MATCHED WITS WITH THE GERMAN SECRET SERVICE ORGANIZATION, THE GESTAPO, IN THIS COUNTRY AND ABROAD...



AND IN THE PRESENT WAR IN KOREA, SECRET SERVICE AGENTS ARE PLAYING A SILENT... BUT ACTIVE PART!-FOR OBVIOUS REASONS THEIR MISSION CANNOT BE REVEALED HERE AT THE PRESENT TIME!

WHERE'S THAT GUY THAT JOINED OUR OUTFIT LAST NIGHT?
I DUNNO...
HEY! IS THAT HIM GOIN' TOWARD THE ENEMY LINES? WHAT THE DEVIL IS HE DOIN' THAT FOR?

WHAT MORE CAN WE ADD THAN HAS ALL READY BEEN SAID ABOUT THE COURAGE AND ALERTNESS OF THE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS ON THAT NOVEMBER 2, 1950 WHEN THESE HEADLINES SHOCKED THE NATION...

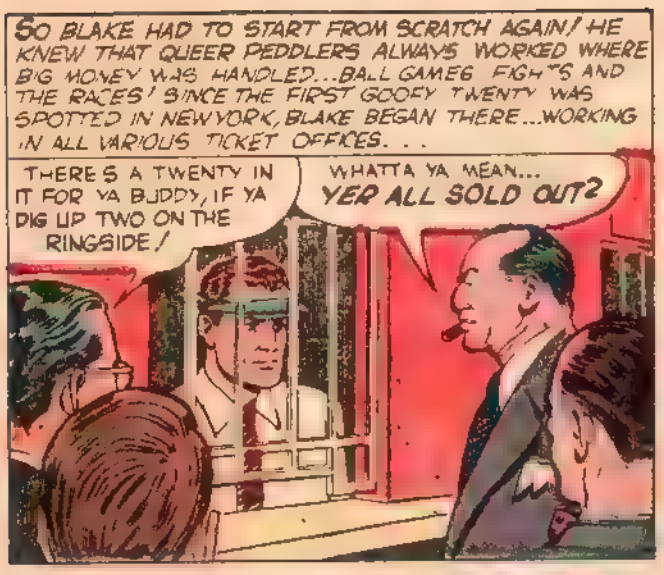
TRUMAN GUARDS SLAY BLAIR HOUSE GUNMAN
Bloody Aftermath of Blair House Battle
Assassination Plot Foiled 4 Wounded
ASSASSINATION OF TRUMAN FOILED IN GUN FIGHT OUTSIDE BLAIR HOUSE PUERTO RICAN PLOTTER, GUARD DIE

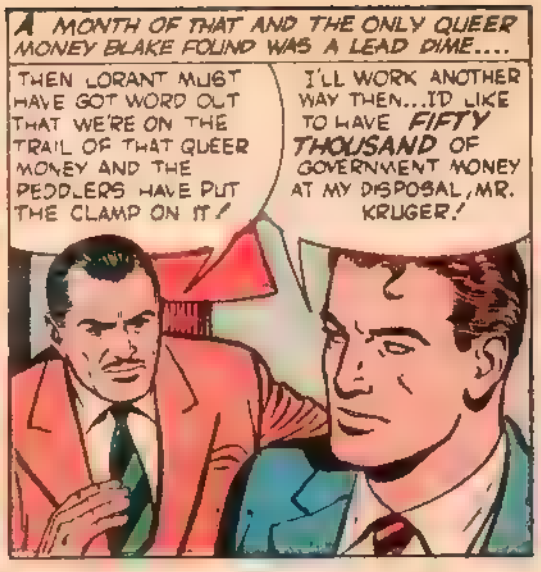
ALL THIS WORK IS BEING DONE BY ONLY 385 MEN... THAT'S THE *ENTIRE* FORCE OF OUR SECRET SERVICE! *"NEVER HAVE SO MANY OF US OWED SO MUCH TO SO FEW!"*

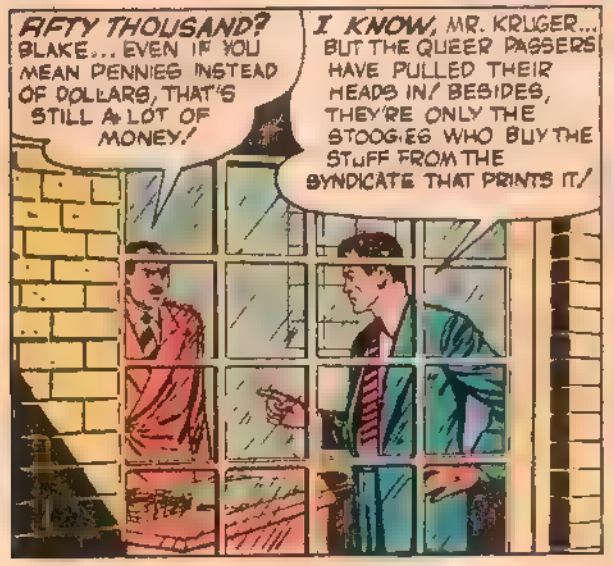
SUBSCRIBE NOW! $1.00 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES! SECRET SERVICE, SUITE 1404 ... NEW YORK CITY 10

KENT BLAKE
SECRET SERVICE
THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE
NICE JOB... AND PRINTED ON GOOD QUALITY RAG PAPER! MR. KRUGER, I'M POSITIVE THAT THE PLATES FOR THIS SERIES OF "QUEER" TWENTIES WERE ENGRAVED IN... THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY!
WHAT? KENT BLAKE, HAVE YOU GONE COMPLETELY OUT OF YOUR HEAD...OR IS THIS A FEEBLE ATTEMPT AT HUMOR?
THE EDITORS OF THIS MAGAZINE ARE DEEPLY GRATEFUL TO KENT BLAKE FOR MAKING AVAILABLE HIS PERSONAL FILES ON THIS AMAZING CASE!
DOC
MY HEAD IS STILL GOOD FOR A FEW MORE MILES, MR KRUGER.. AND THE HUMOR I'LL LEAVE TO "MY FRIEND IRMA"! I'M SERIOUS ... THIS QUEER MONEY IS ALMOST FLAWLESS!
IT'S THE BEST FAKE CURRENCY I'VE SEEN SINCE I'VE BEEN HEAD OF THIS DEPARTMENT! .. GO WHAT? WHAT'S THE QUALITY OF THOSE NOTES GOT TO DO WITH THE FEDERAL PEN?
A GREAT DEAL, MR. KRUGER! THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN ETCH A PORTRAIT OF JACKSON ON STEEL THAT WAY, OUTSIDE OF OUR OWN TREASURY ENGRAVERS... AND THAT MAN IS IN A CELL AT THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY!
GREAT THUNDERATION! OF COURSE YOU'RE RIGHT, BLAKE! HOW COULD I EVER FORGET THAT ARTISTRY? LUCIEN LORANT! HE WAS SO HARD TO NAB WE CALLED HIM... THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE!
1

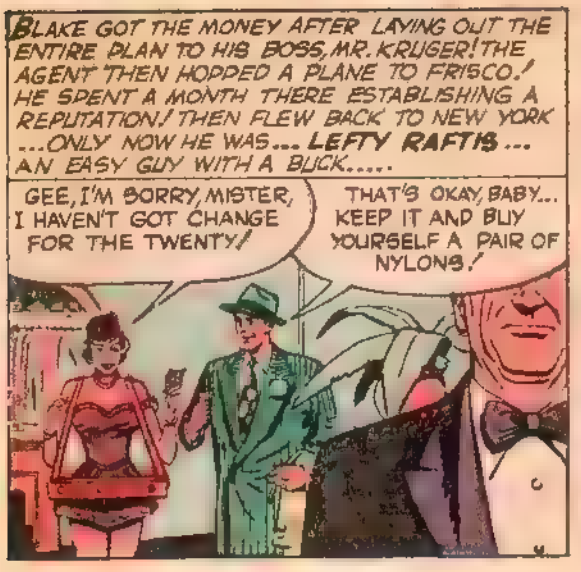
KENT BLAKE, SECRET SERVICE AGENT, HAD PEGGED HIS MAN...NOW HE HAD TO PROVE IT! LUCIAN LORANT WAS FORMERLY A EUROPEAN ARTIST..LATER AN AMERICAN FORGER OF UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS! ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1951, KENT BLAKE ARRIVED AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY..
THIS IS LUCIAN LORANT'S CELL, MR. BLAKE! HE'S AT THE INFIRMARY GETTING A CHECK OVER! I'M SURE YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT HIM... I'VE SEARCHED HIS CELL MYSELF! HE'S A MODEL PRISONER...VERY ORDERLY AND EDUCATED... ALWAYS READING BOOKS!
HM-M! PLATO'S FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES! LORANT'S LITERARY TASTE IS AS FINE AS HIS ARTISTIC TOUCH!
..AND HIS INTEREST IN PLATO IS OBVIOUS! LOOK... THIS BOOK SERVED AS HIS WORKSHOP! THAT CUTOUT HELD THE PLATE IN PLACE WHILE HE WORKED ON IT!
BUT HE'D NEED TOOLS...AND ACID IF HE DID HIS ENGRAVING HERE!
EXACTLY... AND HERE THEY ARE.... STRUNG FROM THE BOTTOM OF THIS STOPPER... ETCHING TOOLS AND A PHIAL OF ACID!
GREAT SCOTT! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! LET'S GO HAVE A TALK WITH LORANT! HE SHOULD BE JUST ABOUT DONE AT THE INFIRMARY!
WE JUST CAME FROM YOUR CELL, LORANT.... THAT'S AN INTERESTING COPY OF PLATO YOU HAD UNDER THE PILLOW OF YOUR BUNK!
YES...I LIKE THE PARAGRAPH THAT BEGINS ..."WHAT SHALL MAN PROFIT, IF HIS UNJUSTICE BE UNDETECTED AND UNPUNISHED?"
END QUOTE! NOW LORANT, HOW ABOUT A PARAGRAPH FROM YOU ON THOSE PLATES! WHERE ARE THEY? WHO'S GOT THEM?
AND IF I DON'T TELL YOU I SUPPOSE YOU'LL HAVE ME ARRESTED, HUH?
THIS IS ONE TIME THAT I HAVE THE UPPER HAND, GENTLEMEN! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN OFFER ME IN EXCHANGE FOR THE INFORMATION...NOT EVEN MY FREEDOM! FOR ACCORDING TO THE DOCTOR HERE...I'LL BE DEAD WITHIN A MONTH!
THAT'S TRUE ...IT'S HIS HEART!
2

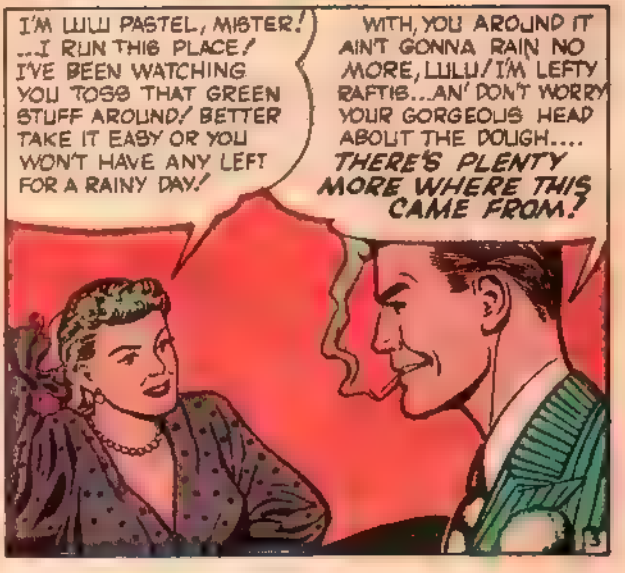

SO BLAKE HAD TO START FROM SCRATCH AGAIN! HE KNEW THAT QUEER PEDDLERS ALWAYS WORKED WHERE BIG MONEY WAS HANDLED...BALL GAMES FIGHTS AND THE RACES! SINCE THE FIRST GOOEY TWENTY WAS SPOTTED IN NEW YORK, BLAKE BEGAN THERE...WORKING IN ALL VARIOUS TICKET OFFICES. . .
THERE'S A TWENTY IN IT FOR YA BUDDY, IF YA DIG UP TWO ON THE RINGSIDE!
WHATTA YA MEAN... YER ALL SOLD OUT?


A MONTH OF THAT AND THE ONLY QUEER MONEY BLAKE FOUND WAS A LEAD DIME....
THEN LORANT MUST HAVE GOT WORD OUT THAT WE'RE ON THE TRAIL OF THAT QUEER MONEY AND THE PEDDLERS HAVE PUT THE CLAMP ON IT!
I'LL WORK ANOTHER WAY THEN...I'D LIKE TO HAVE FIFTY THOUSAND OF GOVERNMENT MONEY AT MY DISPOSAL, MR. KRUGER!

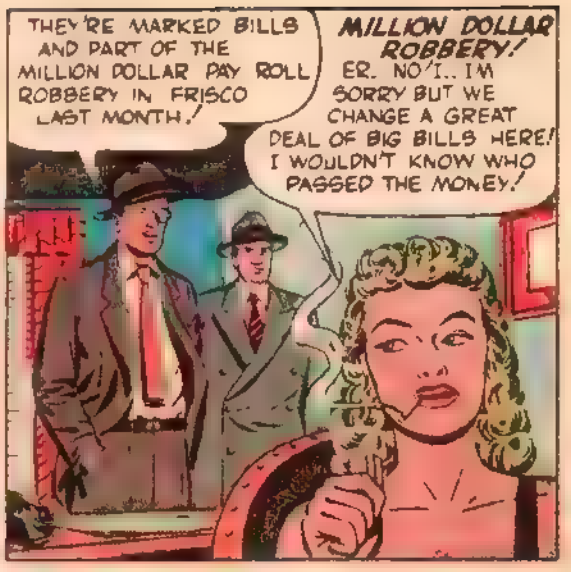

FIFTY THOUSAND? BLAKE... EVEN IF YOU MEAN PENNIES INSTEAD OF DOLLARS, THAT'S STILL A LOT OF MONEY!
I KNOW, MR. KRUGER... BUT THE QUEER PASSERS HAVE PULLED THEIR HEADS IN! BESIDES, THEY'RE ONLY THE STOOGES WHO BUY THE STUFF FROM THE SYNDICATE THAT PRINTS IT!

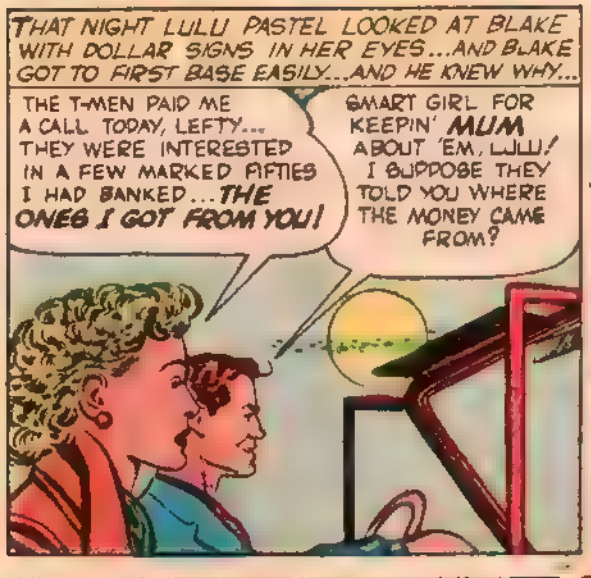
...AND DON'T TELL ME YOU WANT THE FIFTY THOUSAND U.S. DOLLARS TO ...TO....
THAT'S RIGHT, MR. KRUGER... TO BUY A LOAD OF QUEER!

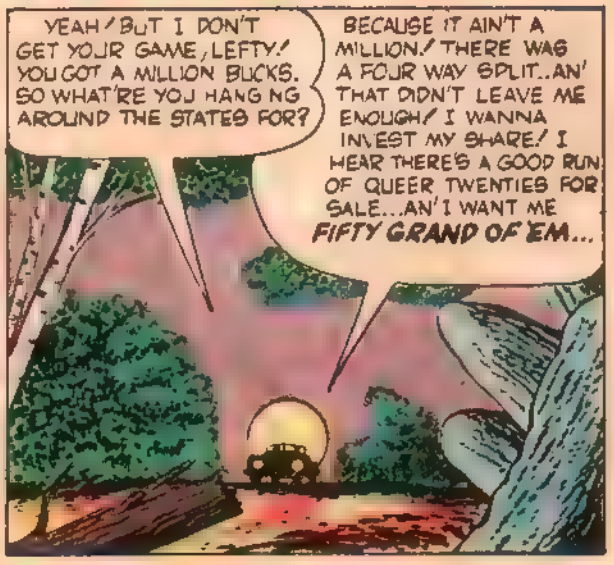

BLAKE GOT THE MONEY AFTER LAYING OUT THE ENTIRE PLAN TO HIS BOSS, MR. KRUGER! THE AGENT THEN HOPPED A PLANE TO FRISCO! HE SPENT A MONTH THERE ESTABLISHING A REPUTATION! THEN FLEW BACK TO NEW YORK ...ONLY NOW HE WAS... LEFTY RAFTIS... AN EASY GUY WITH A BUCK.....
GEE, I'M SORRY, MISTER, I HAVEN'T GOT CHANGE FOR THE TWENTY!
THAT'S OKAY, BABY... KEEP IT AND BUY YOURSELF A PAIR OF NYLONS!


I'M LULU PASTEL, MISTER! ...I RUN THIS PLACE! I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU TOSS THAT GREEN STUFF AROUND! BETTER TAKE IT EASY OR YOU WON'T HAVE ANY LEFT FOR A RAINY DAY!
WITH YOU AROUND IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE, LULU! I'M LEFTY RAFTIS...AN' DON'T WORRY YOUR GORGEOUS HEAD ABOUT THE DOUGH.... THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM!

BLAKE COULDN'T GET TO FIRST BASE WITH LULU. . BUT HE KEPT TOSSING HIS MONEY AROUND LIKE HE OWNED FORT KNOX, AND WORD GOT AROUND! ONE AFTERNOON TWO MEN WALKED INTO LULU PASTEL'S OFFICE.....
WE'RE TREASURY MEN, MISS PASTEL! THESE THREE FIFTY DOLLAR BILLS WERE AMONG THE MONEY YOU BANKED TODAY...CAN YOU TELL US WHO GAVE THEM TO YOU?
WHY? IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG WITH THEM?


THEY'RE MARKED BILLS AND PART OF THE MILLION DOLLAR PAY ROLL ROBBERY IN FRISCO LAST MONTH!
MILLION DOLLAR ROBBERY!
ER. NO'I.. I'M SORRY BUT WE CHANGE A GREAT DEAL OF BIG BILLS HERE! I WOULDN'T KNOW WHO PASSED THE MONEY!


THAT NIGHT LULU PASTEL LOOKED AT BLAKE WITH DOLLAR SIGNS IN HER EYES...AND BLAKE GOT TO FIRST BASE EASILY...AND HE KNEW WHY...
THE T-MEN PAID ME A CALL TODAY, LEFTY... THEY WERE INTERESTED IN A FEW MARKED FIFTIES I HAD BANKED...THE ONES I GOT FROM YOU!
SMART GIRL FOR KEEPIN' MUM ABOUT 'EM, LULU! I SUPPOSE THEY TOLD YOU WHERE THE MONEY CAME FROM?


YEAH! BUT I DON'T GET YOUR GAME, LEFTY! YOU GOT A MILLION BUCKS. SO WHAT'RE YOU HANG NG AROUND THE STATES FOR?
BECAUSE IT AIN'T A MILLION! THERE WAS A FOUR WAY SPLIT..AN' THAT DIDN'T LEAVE ME ENOUGH! I WANNA INVEST MY SHARE! I HEAR THERE'S A GOOD RUN OF QUEER TWENTIES FOR SALE...AN' I WANT ME FIFTY GRAND OF 'EM...

....THEN I'D LIKE TO TEAM UP WITH A DOLL LIKE YOU AN' SEE THE WORLD...LONDON, PARIS, EGYPT...THE WHOLE WORKS!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE FUNNY MONEY, BABY....BUT THE DOLL IS HERE.. ..AN' I AIN'T CRYING MAMA!

4

THE NEXT MORNING WHEN KENT WOKE UP, HE FOUND TWO TOUGH GUNNIES IN HIS ROOM.....

WE HEAR YOU'RE IN THE MARKET FOR SOME QUEER BUCKS, LEFTY? THE DEAL IS TWO BITS OF REAL DOUGH FOR EVERY GOOFY BUCK!

IT'S GOTTA BE AS GOOD AS THAT SAMPLE I GOT PASTED TO THE BOTTOM OF THAT LAMP...TAKE A LOOK!

IT'S FROM THE SAME PLATES! DELIVERY IS IN ONE WEEK! DON'T TRY TO CONTACT US... WE'LL GIVE YOU THE NOD! BRING THE LEGIT BILLS WITH YOU!

SHORT AND SWEET... THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE TO DO BUSINESS! GIMME FIFTY GRAND OF THE STUFF! SO LONG, BOYS, AN' GET THOSE PRESSES ROLLIN'!

THE TIME FOR THE KILL WAS COMING CLOSE! KENT BLAKE MADE CONTACT WITH THE SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS THRU AN AGENT POSING AS A CABBIE!

...AND TELL KRUGER I'M READY FOR THE CASH! YOU BRING IT IN YOUR HACK... I'LL FLAG YOU DOWN AT THE CORNER OF 34TH AND PARK TOMORROW AT TEN A.M.!

CHECK! YOU ALSO WANT TWO AGENTS ASSIGNED TO TRAIL YOU AS SOON AS THE COUNTERFEITERS PICK YOU UP AND NO ARRESTS MADE UNTIL THEY ACTUALLY PASS THE QUEER!

A WEEK LATER THE WAITER IN THE HOTEL DINING ROOM SERVED BLAKE A MESSAGE WITH HIS COFFEE ...THAT WAS THE GANG'S COME-ON NOTE! THAT AFTERNOON A BLACK SEDAN PICKED UP BLAKE... AND RIGHT BEHIND THEM ANOTHER CAR GEARED INTO ACTION.....

DON'T GET TOO CLOSE ...THEY MAY TAKE BLAKE TO THE PLACE WHERE THE FAKE MONEY IS PRINTED...AND WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE OUT ON THAT!

NEVER MIND WHERE WE'RE TAKIN' YOU, RAFTIS! YOU BROUGHT YOUR FIFTY GRAND NOW SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE RIDE!

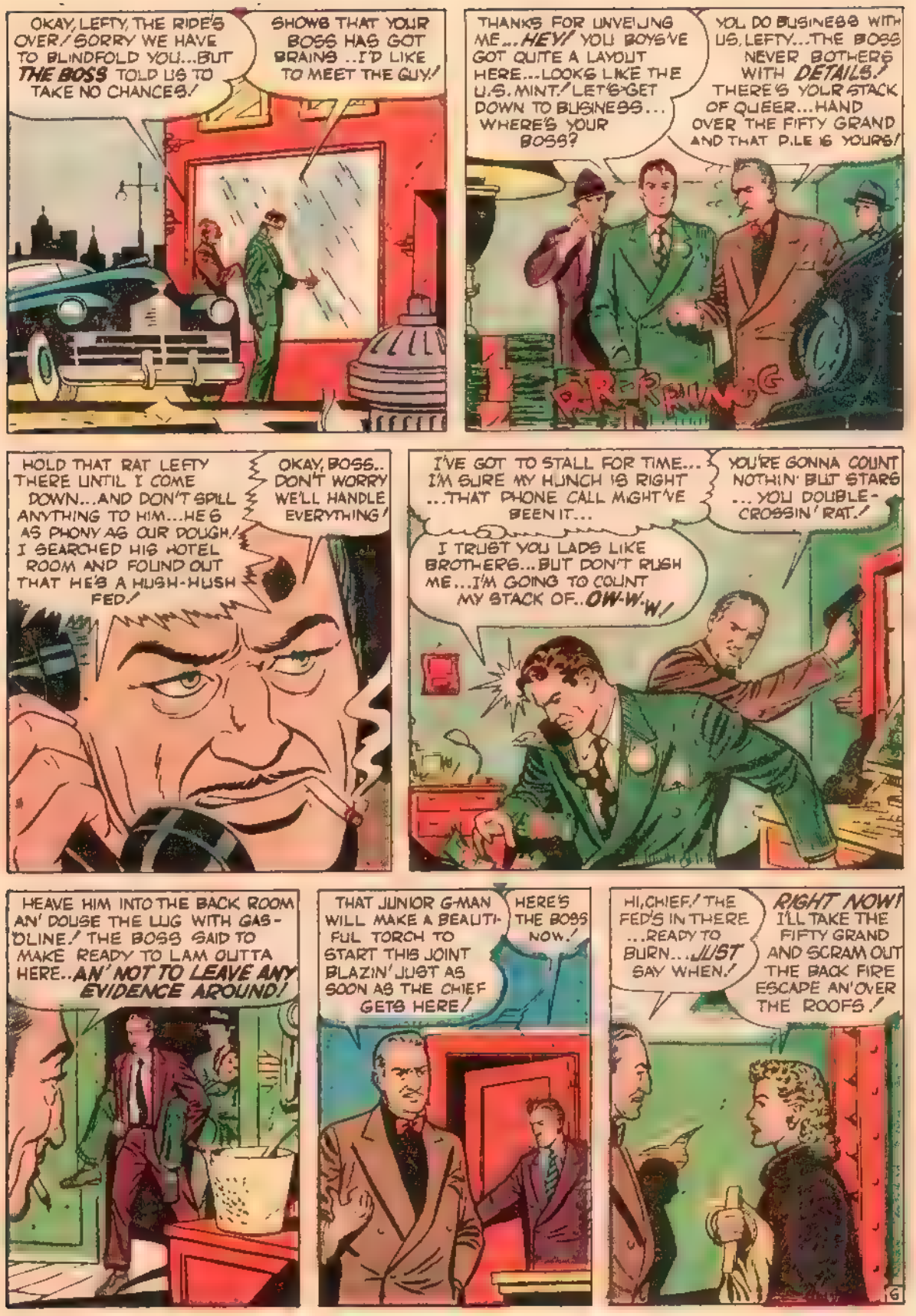
THE SECRET SERVICE MEN HAD AN EASY JOB TRAILING THE COUNTERFEITER'S CAR. **TOO EASY!**....SUDDENLY, AS THEY WERE GOING DOWN A NARROW STREET.....

HEY! WATCH OUT! THAT TRUCK!

LOUIE'S GETTING TO BE AN EXPERT AT BLOCKIN' WITH HIS TRUCK! IF WE HAD A TAIL...THAT'LL CUT IT OFF!

SCREECH

THESE GUYS ARE SHARPIES...THEY GOT ALL THE ANGLES FIGURED! WITH THOSE TWO AGENTS LOST, I'M ON MY OWN NOW...AND **WITHOUT A GUN!** THERE'S ONLY **ONE** HOPE...AND I'VE GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED!


OKAY, LEFTY, THE RIDE'S OVER./ SORRY WE HAVE TO BLINDFOLD YOU...BUT THE BOSS TOLD US TO TAKE NO CHANCES./
SHOWS THAT YOUR BOSS HAS GOT BRAINS ..I'D LIKE TO MEET THE GUY./
THANKS FOR UNVEILING ME... HEY! YOU BOYS'VE GOT QUITE A LAYOUT HERE...LOOKS LIKE THE U.S. MINT./ LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS... WHERE'S YOUR BOSS?
YOU DO BUSINESS WITH US, LEFTY...THE BOSS NEVER BOTHERS WITH DETAILS./ THERE'S YOUR STACK OF QUEER...HAND OVER THE FIFTY GRAND AND THAT P.I.E IS YOURS!
R-R-R-R-I-N-G-G
HOLD THAT RAT LEFTY THERE UNTIL I COME DOWN...AND DON'T SPILL ANYTHING TO HIM...HE'S AS PHONY AS OUR DOUGH./ I SEARCHED HIS HOTEL ROOM AND FOUND OUT THAT HE'S A HUSH-HUSH FED./
OKAY, BOSS.. DON'T WORRY WE'LL HANDLE EVERYTHING!
I'VE GOT TO STALL FOR TIME... I'M SURE MY HUNCH IS RIGHT ...THAT PHONE CALL MIGHT'VE BEEN IT...
I TRUST YOU LADS LIKE BROTHERS...BUT DON'T RUSH ME...I'M GOING TO COUNT MY STACK OF.. OW-W-W!
YOU'RE GONNA COUNT NOTHIN' BUT STARS ... YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT./
HEAVE HIM INTO THE BACK ROOM AN' DOUSE THE LUG WITH GASOLINE./ THE BOSS SAID TO MAKE READY TO LAM OUTTA HERE.. AN' NOT TO LEAVE ANY EVIDENCE AROUND!
THAT JUNIOR G-MAN WILL MAKE A BEAUTIFUL TORCH TO START THIS JOINT BLAZIN' JUST AS SOON AS THE CHIEF GETS HERE!
HERE'S THE BOSS NOW./
HI, CHIEF./ THE FED'S IN THERE ...READY TO BURN... JUST SAY WHEN./
RIGHT NOW! I'LL TAKE THE FIFTY GRAND AND SCRAM OUT THE BACK FIRE ESCAPE AN' OVER THE ROOFS./
G

A FEW MINUTES AFTER LULU PASTEL CLIMBED UP THE FIRE ESCAPE, HER "BUSINESS ASSOCIATES" WERE IN THE ACT OF ADDING THE FINAL TOUCH, WHEN....

DO YOU THINK OUR LITTLE BADGE-BOY WILL GET BURNED UP AT US BECAUSE WE ...A-R-G-G-G!

G-G-MEN! HOW'D THEY KNOW..OW-W!

I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE TO SAVE KENT!

BANG

BANG

A FEW MORE MINUTES AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN A WELL-BAKED BLAKE! I SEE THAT MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT...LULU IS THE BOSS/ WATCHING HER SURE PAID OFF!

...AND YOU ALSO FIGURED RIGHT THAT SHE'D SEARCH YOUR ROOM AS SOON AS SHE KNEW YOU WERE OUT! SHE FOUND THE $ $ PAPERS YOU PLANTED! THEN WE TRAILED HER!

HEY! WHERE'D SHE DISAPPEAR TO?

THRU THE FIRE ESCAPE TO THE ROOF..I HEARD HER/ WATCH THESE MUGS...I'M GOING AFTER LULU!

RAISE 'EM, COPPER! I HEARD SHOOTING AND WAITED...HOPING YOU'D COME AFTER ME / YOU JAILED MY FATHER...LUCIAN LORANT..THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE..AND NOW I'M GOING TO PAY YOU BACK...

FOR EVERYTHING, YOU NO GOOD ...OW-W!

DON'T STRUGGLE, LULU, OR YOU'LL...

LUCIAN LORANT LEARNED BY PRISON GRAPEVINE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS DAUGHTER...AND THAT WAS THE BLOW WHICH FINISHED.. "THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE!"

EVERY YEAR AMERICANS LOSE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO PASSERS OF "QUEER" (COUNTERFEIT) MONEY! IF YOU'RE SUSPICIOUS OF A BILL...COMPARE IT WITH A GENUINE ONE! FAMILIARIZE YOURSELF WITH THE PORTRAITS WHICH APPEAR ON DIFFERENT BILLS! YOU CAN HELP YOUR GOVERNMENT... LEARN TO KNOW YOUR MONEY!

THE END

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AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see — you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

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. . . BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL NEW TELEVISION BANK!

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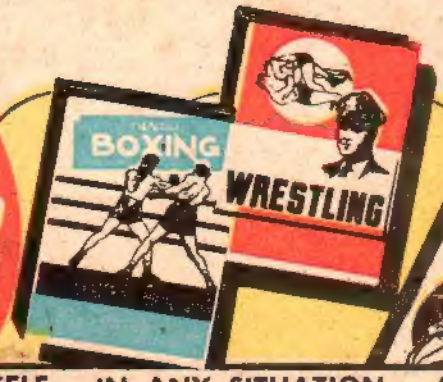

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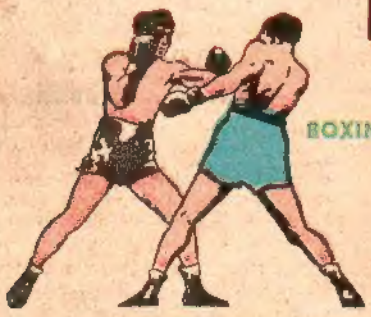
OVERCOME ANY ENEMY — NO MATTER HOW BIG HE IS, OR HOW SMALL YOU ARE!

HERE'S every science of self-defense and lethal attack, wrapped up into one red-blooded package. This new fast-moving system will make you tough—or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!



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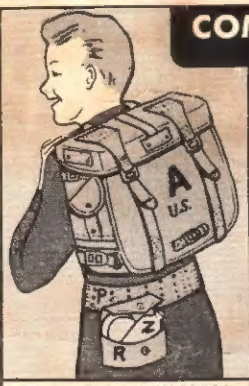

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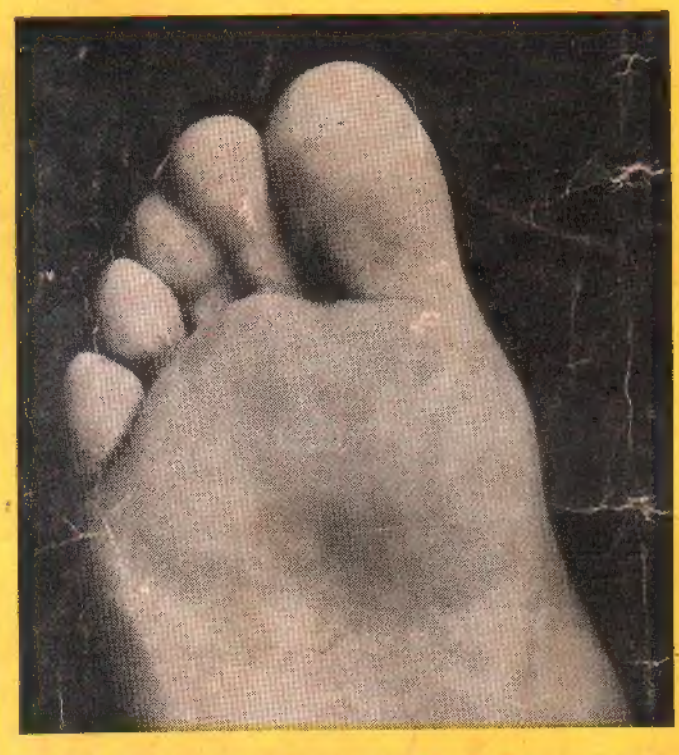
FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



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The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes lodged in and immediately beneath the outer tissue of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first, gently remove the horny outer layer of skin and kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

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Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It gently removes the horny outer layer of the skin, killing the vegetable growth, in and immediately under the skin, upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

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Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

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